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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CABOOL:

A

PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF A

JOURNEY TO, AND RESIDENCE IN THAT CITY,

IN THE YEARS 1836, 7, and 8.

BY THE LATE

LIEUT. COL. SIR ALEXANDER BURNES, C.B., &c.

OF THE INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.

FROM THE SECOND EDITION.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1843.

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T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS,
No. 1 LODGE ALLEY.

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CABOOL.

CHAPTER I.

Objects of the Mission—Departure from Bombay—Arrival in Sinde—Instructions—Embedded ship—Changes in the Indus—Reminiscences—Tame Otter—Vikkur—Pelican—Fish—The Boolun, or porpoise—Singular ceremony—Peer Putta—Tattá—Chief of the Jokeeas—Superstition—Ramazán—Condition of the Hindoos—Kulan Cote—Ruins—Sumovee Nuggur—Kinjore—Presentation to the Ameers of Sinde—Conference—Hydrábád—Old acquaintances.

In the latter end of November, 1836, I was directed by the Governor-General of India, the Earl of Auckland, to undertake a mission to Cábool. Lieutenant (now Major) Robert Leech of the Bombay Engineers, Lieutenant John Wood of the Indian Navy, and Percival B. Lord, Esq., M. B., were associated with me in the undertaking. The objects of Government were to work out its policy of opening the river Indus to commerce, and establishing on its banks, and in the countries beyond it, such relations as should contribute to the desired end. On the 26th of November we sailed from Bombay, and, sighting the fine palace at Mándivee on the 6th of December, we finally landed in Sinde on the 13th of the month. Dr. Lord did not join our party till March.

On entering the river Indus I drew up such instructions as seemed necessary to guide Lieutenants Leech and Wood. To the former I pointed out the advisability of noting all the military features of the country, and recording all the information which he could collect; to the latter I intrusted entirely the survey of the river, and to both I gave instructions to combine the advancement of general knowledge with a correct discharge of the specific duties on which they were employed. To Dr. Lord the branches of natural history and geology were subsequently assigned; but, as the published reports of this mission serve to show, the abilities of this much-lamented public servant were likewise enlisted on subjects certainly not more important, but of more immediate and pressing interest. I must refer to the printed papers before Parliament, and those reports to which I have already alluded, for the nature of the duties which devolved upon myself. With the dry diplomatic details which they contain I have no intention of fatiguing the reader. It is sufficient for me to have the satisfaction of believing that I kept open, for a time, the door of inquiry through which others entered. The object of the present volume is to give the personal and miscellaneous details of our journey.

Shortly after disembarking on the coast of Sinde an opportunity was presented us of examining a square-rigged vessel, which had been imbedded in the Deltá of the Indus, and left, by the caprice of the river, on dry land, about twenty miles from the sea, near the fort of Vikkur, where it has lain since the time of the Calorás, the dynasty preceding that which now reigns in Sinde. This vessel, called "Armat" by the Sindians, is about 70 feet long and 28 in breadth: she seems to have been a brig of war, pierced for fourteen guns, and capable of carrying not more than 200 tons English; her greatest draft of water, marked on the stern-post, being only 9 feet, which is less than is drawn by some of the present country-boats of 40 tons (160 candies). It is, however, obvious that the Indus was at

one time entered by vessels of a different description from those now in use, as this *half-fossilized* ship, if I can so call her, amply proves. The word "Armat" suggests the idea that the vessel was Portuguese, and that it is a corruption of Armada. There was also a Roman Catholic cross on the figure-head, and we know that the Portuguese burned Tattá in 1555, though this vessel, I imagine, belongs to a much later period of the history of that nation. We dug up from her hold six small brass guns, about twenty gun-barrels, and four hundred balls and shells, the latter filled with powder. These implements of war were found near the stern in the armoury, so that it is probable the vessel foundered: her position is now erect; and a large tamarisk-tree grows out of her deck. The sailors call her "Nou Khureed," or the new purchase, and state her to have been left last century in her present site, where she remains a singular object.

Since my former visit to Sinde much of the jealousy of its government had disappeared, though enough still existed to render some degree of caution necessary. We however conversed freely with the people at the seaports, and some of them were old enough to remember the names of the English which they had heard from their fathers. They mentioned those of Calender, Baker, Erskine, and Smith, as near as I can approximate Sindian pronunciation to English; and they told us that there were still the remains of an Englishman's tomb at Dehra. The records of government state that Mr. Calender was the gentleman who withdrew the factory from Sinde in 1775, "as we had before experienced some instances of the arbitrary disposition of the prince"—so that the present generation had not mistaken the traditions handed down to them. They seemed willing and ready again to welcome us as rulers; nor has the gratification of their wishes been long delayed, Sinde being no longer connected with Britain by a commercial factory only, but having become one of the tributary states of our mighty Indian empire.

The Indus had undergone various alterations since I saw it in 1831: but, from all that I can gather, I have doubts whether any of the vast changes surmised by Captain Macmurdo have taken place in this river. That the water has shifted from one mouth to another is certain: but the number of its mouths must long have been much the same as at present, since, in a chart published by Captain Dalrymple in 1783, I can distinguish eleven or twelve of the embouchures by the names they yet bear. It is also very questionable if the Indus were ever entered by such ships as navigate the Hoogly branch of the Ganges. Still there is ample depth in its estuaries to give encouragement to the merchant to seek, by this line, with properly constructed vessels, a new channel for the exports of our country.

Among our earliest visitors on the river was one Cassim, who had been permitted to stop on board our boats in the pittee, in January, 1831, and now begged to remain in our service. The sight of this man brought to my remembrance the unpleasant feelings of that night, when we were hurried down the river by ignorant men shouting and yelling: nevertheless I was glad to see Cassim again. We were visited also by the owners of three or four boats (Doondees), who had sailed with us to Bukkur, and again sought to be employed by us: one of them, Ibraheem by name, son of one of the owners, had grown up a fine young man; and as I stepped on shore he greeted me with a laughing welcome, and placed some Indian corn at my feet in renewal of our acquaintance. Self-interest may sway these people, still it is agreeable to meet with such expressions of kindly feeling.

In the evening I went out to look for some of the "raræ aves" of Sinde, and on the banks of the Gora presented my gun at a singular looking creature; but, fortunately, curiosity held me, and I discovered it to be a tame otter searching for his evening meal, and devouring a fish which he had caught. The owner of this animal presented it to us, and it became as domesticated as a dog, and made the voyage with us as far as Bukkur; but it suffered from the change of diet, as we were unable to catch fish for it in the large river. It had also been so constantly tormented by the sailors and servants that its temper was spoiled, and we were obliged to get rid of it. In following up this river, the Gora, I found myself about

two miles from Vikkur at its termination; and, entering its bed on horseback, I rode for two miles farther, when I reached the main Indus. This fact deserves notice, for by this very branch I sailed into the river in 1831, since which time layers of mud, deposited by each succeeding inundation, have worked this change.

On the 24th of December we quitted Vikkur, and, entering the Seeam, now the favoured branch, had a pleasant sail for two days between its well-wooded banks. There, in the morning, the larks sang as clearly and loudly as in Europe, and their notes, with the slow hollow sounds of the bells hanging from the necks of the buffaloes, as we wandered among the tamarisk-shrubs, were soothing to our ear. It was here that we added the pelican to our small collection of natural history. This bird is often tamed in the Deltá of the Indus. It stood four feet high, measured nine feet eight inches from tip to tip of its wings, and was the largest bird, except the ostrich, which I had ever seen. The pelican of the Gulf of Persia and the Red Sea is white, but on the Indus it is of a grayish brown. This bird swallows with difficulty, and only when the fish is so placed that it will descend endways into the stomach.

In our wanderings on shore we always visited the "rajs," or villages of the inhabitants, and every one left his occupations on our approach to greet us with a good-humoured smile. If any of us killed a crow on the wing, no difficult task assuredly, we were pronounced "Hakim and bád sháh," ruler and king. The round flat turban of the Juts, and their peculiar expression of countenance, calm and placid, present a study for the pencil. They are industrious, and very expert in reed or basket work, which they weave from the twigs of the tamarisk, and fit into all their vessels, thus rendering them dry and comfortable. At one of these villages we purchased from our boatmen two loads of fish, about eighty in number, for one rupee. The distribution was made with great pains: the fish were first divided into two lots; an indifferent person then took two bits of clay of different sizes, the parties guessed, and they were delivered accordingly. Each lot was again subdivided into three more shares, and much the same ceremony gone through; after which the fishes were with all haste transferred to the cooking-pot, the men chopping off the scales with an axe—a formidable instrument for so delicate an affair. The fish were chiefly what are called "dumbree."

Our entrance into the great river was first distinguished by the rolling of the "boolun," a kind of porpoise, by far the most remarkable inhabitant of the Indus, and which I have only once had an opportunity of catching alive. It is well described by the Emperor Báber as the "water-hog," which it much resembles while playing in its element. It is evidently of the order Cetacea. The temperature of the Indus was 58°, whilst that of the small branch we had left was 62°.

The solemnity with which the Sindians navigate their mighty river never ceases to amuse the voyager. In any part of it where it is necessary to give the boat an extra pull, the "meerbur" or master calls out "Sháh bash puhleewán!" "Bravo, my heroes!" and gravely promises to have their beards dyed fresh on the termination of the voyage; and there is as much zeal and industry displayed as if an enemy instead of a river were to be opposed. In turning a corner of the stream one vessel grounded about fifty yards from the shore, and threw up a wave five or six inches high, which moved steadily along until it met the bank. Lower down this becomes the "bore," which is so formidable; only there the causes spring from nature, and not accident. It is curious to notice the boats of Sinde, made of foreign wood, as in Egypt: the latter country is supplied from Syria, and the former from India—another point of resemblance between the two countries, in addition to the many that have been remarked.

On the 31st of December we passed Noora Kanode, and halted near a sugar-plantation about seven miles from Peer Putta. They water the cane day and night by two sets of Persian wheels, one above the other. A camel turned the first, and two bullocks the other, while one man attended both. If the animals, which were blinded, could have seen, they would assuredly have expected more

attention. In Sinde they never advance further in the preparation of the cane than molasses. We passed inland to visit the shrines at Peer Putta, a vast collection of whitened tombs on a ridge of hillocks, overlooking the Buggaur branch of the Indus, on which they stand, and the neighbouring country, which is a dense jungle of tamarisk. This place of pilgrimage is stated to be 800 years old, and is frequented by Hindoo and Mahomedan. On taking off our shoes we were readily admitted, and civilly treated. On the walls of one of the principal shrines we saw the name of "Henry Ellis, 1809," one of Mr. Hankey Smith's assistants, and lately our ambassador at the court of Persia. Under Peer Putta the Buggaur lay before us in a fine and deep expanse of water—a clear proof of its communication with the Indus a few months before; though, at this season, the water was stagnant, and the sand-banks at its mouth prevented the further ingress of the stream, yet this year boats from Hala have passed down it to the sea laden with chaunia (alkali).

On New Year's Day we reached Tattá, to which the river was now tending, and will probably adjoin before this century closes. My old political antagonist, Zoolfkár Sháh, whom I had expected to meet, had paid the debt of nature but seven days before we arrived. I had brought, at his request, some candlesticks for him from Bombay; but, poor man! he requires no more the light of sun or torch in this darkened world. I wished much to have seen this accomplished Asiatic under the altered circumstances of our present visit, and hoped for his aid in gathering information of this once great but ruined emporium. The Nuwáb of Tattá and a confidential servant of the rulers received us instead of the poor Syud, and showed the way to the city. We entered without pomp or suite; the inhabitants shouted out welcomes to us, and besought us to "come and people this desert:" one man said, "What is there to look at in this wilderness? Come, and it will flourish under the English." Others said, but more softly, that the rulers were blind; and a perfumer called out to us to purchase his rose-water, as there were no buyers left. They facetiously tell you that from Curáchee to Hydrábád, by land or by sea, there is nothing left to the poor man, and but half to the rich. Since 1831, the cholera has desolated Tattá, but it is deemed throughout Sinde one of the lowest and most unhealthy sites: the wells and water are generally fetid: there is also much stagnant water; and even in the winter the mists of the morning are disagreeable.

One of our first visitors was the chief of the Jokeeas, Jam Mihr Alee, who had come from the hills west of Tattá, where his tribe leads a nomade life, to provide us with a guard. The Jam was a stout man of advanced age, with a beard dyed with henna—an uncouth being, who seemed mightily delighted at hearing from me a few words in bad Sindee. Although this was a Jokeea of rank, it will be seen he retained the Hindoo title of Jam. On his taking leave some medicines were given to him, which secured his good offices; and he shortly sent a dozen of his tribe to escort us. Wild and uncouth-looking and long-haired as they are, they are famed for their fidelity. In the portrait of Peroz I shall present the tribe better to my readers than by description. With his men the Jam sent a fine buck, slung across the saddle of one of his horsemen, and in return we gave him powder to continue his sporting avocations. The specimen which these Jokeeas shortly gave us of their ball practice left no favourable opinion of their skill. At ninety yards every one of them missed a bottle: the distance was lessened, but the result was the same; and then it was gravely discovered that the shots had been fired in the direction of Mecca, which rendered success impossible. The practice was continued from an opposite point of the compass, but with equally bad success. We were vastly amused at this trait of superstition, and at the crest-fallen looks of the mountaineers, who had been boasting loudly of their skill; but all Sindians are given to gasconade: if a dozen people live together, they call their dwelling a city (shuhur); and if eight or ten of our party moved about anywhere, they were designed an army (lushkur). Besides these Jokeeas, our only escort in this length-

ened journey consisted of a dozen Arabs, and six Myánás or plunderers from Cutch. Accompanied by these children of the desert and the mountaineers of Sinde, we saw no foes. The constitution of such a guard affords some subject for reflection as to the state of British influence in India.

At Tattá many Moolás visited us, and brought, on our inquiring for them, various books for sale. Among the volumes I found the "Chuch-namu," and "Toohfut aol Kiramee," both histories of Sinde: but the major part of their stores consisted of commentaries on the Korán, prayer books, and poetry, though I doubt not that a diligent search here would be well rewarded. Our principal guide was one Mirzá Gool Mahomed, a scion of the great Mirzá Eesá Toorkhanee, and who, though poverty-stricken, yet possessed "furmáns" of Sháh Jehán. Literature in this region has decayed with commerce and population. During our stay the "eed," or festival at the termination of Ramazán, occurred; and the whole assemblage at the place of public prayers did not exceed 2000 souls. No Hindoo ventures out on such an occasion in Sinde; and this exhibition, as well as subsequent inquiries, led me to fix the present population of this city at from 8000 to 10,000 people, but the town is gradually going to decay.

Assoomul, the brother of Gundá, a Hindoo, and one of the most intelligent of his tribe, is the first merchant in Tattá. He visited us, and was very communicative; he deplored the decay of his native city, and said, metaphorically, that the merchant and the cultivator were but the soil of a country—that the soil could not flourish unless it was watered by commerce.

The condition of the Hindoos is best illustrated by statements of their own. While we were at Tattá a half-witted person died: the Moslems claimed the body, that it might be buried: the Hindoos waited on the Governor to remonstrate. Some Mahomedans declared that the deceased had, on more than one occasion when he was uttering curses, used certain of their holy names, and they supported their arguments by the Korán: so the corpse was borne in triumph to the hill of Mukklee, and consigned to the earth in the consecrated ground of Islám. A month before our arrival a mother and two children became voluntary converts to Mahomedanism. Eighteen months previous a Hindoo, at a neighbouring village, was seized and forcibly converted because of the offences of a brother who had absconded. At the same time it is said that most of the converts become so voluntarily, and I state this on Hindoo authority. The Hindoos avoid with scrupulous care all mention of the names held sacred by their masters. The mercantile town of Ulláh yár Ká Tandá they simply designate Tandá, to avoid saying Ulláh, which means God. Not a Hindoo shows himself in a procession; while in India the "eed" is celebrated by a far greater number of them than of Mahomedans. Within these five or six years a very outrageous instance of conversion by force happened in Sinde, in the person of Hotchund, one of the first merchants of Curáchee. He subsequently fled to Cutch; and now resides at Lucput with a numerous family; but his sons decline to eat with their parent. The unhappy man has wealth and property, but no outlay of it can restore him to the lost privileges of his tribe.

The antiquities of Tattá have ever excited a lively interest, nor were we idle in our inquiries. We paid an early visit to Kulan Cote, which lies about four miles to the south-west, on the same ridge of hills as that on which the fine tombs of Mukklee stand. It at once struck me as the site of ancient Tattá. "Kulan Cote" literally means the large fort; and here, in fact, we found a fortified hill, about three-quarters of a mile long and 500 yards of average breadth. Its shape is that of a parallelogram, excepting on the south-west angle, where it juts out. The whole surface of the hill has been fortified with a mud wall, faced with kiln-burnt bricks. In the space I have described, the ruins of streets are to be traced; and there is a mosque of rather large dimensions, with a fountain in front of it. In treading on these remains we often heard a sound as if the ground beneath us were hollow. At one end we found a large store of burned or charred wheat: many of the bricks, too, were vitrified. Kulan Cote is considered, and called, the old fort

of Tattá. To the west are the remains of a suburb, but on all the other sides it is surrounded by a lake of spacious dimensions, supplied by a cut from the Indus east of Tattá. At one end of this lake there are various places of Hindoo worship, formed in the grottoes or natural fissures of the rock, a conglomerate honeycombed limestone, full of shells, and often separating, in a very remarkable manner, into caverns. The fish of this lake are preserved, because of its being a place of pilgrimage for the Hindoos of Tattá, who offer up their devotions here twice a month. Is this the "Dewul Sindee," of which antiquarians are in search? There is certainly not a temple (dewul), but there are no temples in Sinde; besides, this country is often called Dewul, even in modern times. When last I was in Bombay, the native agent at Muscat, in Arabia, wrote as a matter of news that the Imam was about to attack Zanguebar, and had sent to *Dewul* to hire soldiers; he had applied to Sinde for mercenaries. Kulan Cote, as it now stands, is not given to an age prior to that of Islam, but it stands on ground peculiarly adapted for the site of a fort, and one which the founders of Tattá would of course have selected. There are no ruins between it and modern Tattá, and a circumference of three miles encloses all the mounds of the latter. On the northern side of the town the remains differ from those in other parts, and a wall may be traced. This is said to have been the fort of the Soomrás and Sumas. Tattá is yet called, *par excellence*, "Bulda," or "Nuggur," both of which mean *the* city; and in its site, as I have elsewhere stated, we have little doubt of having found the ancient Minagur.

Four miles N. W. of Tattá, and due north of Kulan Cote, we have the remains of Sumovee-nuggur, which is said to have been peopled before the present city. There are now but eight or nine huts, which are inhabited by those who protect the shrine of Shá Jeendá hard by. A small branch of the Indus, the Kulairee, lies beyond, and is the first offshoot of the river on its right bank: if full it would insulate Tattá, but now its waters are wasted. The hill of Mukklee terminates at Sumovee-nuggur. Sumovee was a town of the Jams, or Sumas, and their tombs still remain near it. Bumboorá, on the road to Tattá from Curáchee, is said to be coeval with Sumovee. Between Tattá and this ancient place is another ruin called Sida, also marked by a shrine; with it a fable is coupled of a Hindoo converting paper into money, and, on being found out, sinking into the earth. It is yet a place of pilgrimage. Brahminábád I cannot find under that name, although some Sindians tell you its bricks were used in the modern houses of Roree, and others that it stood near Khodábád or Hala. There is a place of antiquity called Bamina, in the Thurr, and another, named Kake, near Omercote. There is, however, much in modern Tattá to mark its antiquity. The fossil shells of the Mukklee hills are made into beads for rosaries: a seed of the palm, I believe, from Lus, called "pees," is also bored for the same purpose, and looks very like agate. The Hindoo pilgrims encourage this trade on their road to Hinglaj. The "teeruts" at Kulan Cote, and Kalka on Mukklee hill, with the residence of five hundred Brahmin families even now in this decayed city, all point to its Hindoo sanctity; and if they do not supply sufficient data to enable us to discover Dewul Sindee and Brahminábád, they at least furnish scope for surmise and conjecture.

But antiquity has detained me too long, and I must dismiss the tombs of the Suma-Jams, Nunda, and Tumachee, with an expression of admiration at their chaste beauty, and continue my account of our voyage.

The Ameers announced, through the Governor of Tattá, their anxiety for our advance, as the hunting season would soon be concluded, and they wished us to join them in their sports. I was at first disposed to give them less credit for their sincerity than the result proved them to deserve. They could not imagine it possible that we should have found anything to interest us in Tattá, as not one of the reigning family had ever deigned to visit the place, though it is but 56 miles from their capital. We quitted Tattá on the 11th of January, and proceeded on our voyage.

On reaching Hiláya we disembarked, and proceeded for about three miles inland

to the lake of Kinjore, one of three sheets of water which extend north and south for about 20 miles, and during the inundation communicate with the Indus. Here we were promised much sport, nor were we disappointed. We embarked in skiffs on the lake, a large and beautiful expanse of water, for the purpose of seeing a new mode of ensnaring fish. Nets were stretched across the lake at a point where it was about 600 yards wide, and four circular receiving nets were fixed at intervals along the line in such a manner as that the fish, their progress being stopped by the long nets, might be tempted to leap into the circular ones. The fishermen conducted us to the end of the lagoon, where they commenced beating the water, jumping in their boats, striking their cooking utensils, shouting and yelling, and making all sorts of imaginable noises; at the same time they gradually advanced. The fish, frightened, fled before them, and, finding no other exit, leaped into the circular nets, and became an easy prey to their pursuers. Upwards of a hundred were caught, and the fishermen seemed to enjoy the sport as much as ourselves. They are a tall and handsome race, and claim to be aborigines and descended of Rhatore Rajpoots. They refer with exultation to the days of Jam Tumachee, when one of their females, famed for her beauty, fixed the affections of that prince, and secured privileges for her tribe which they yet possess. After a day's enjoyment of fishing and shooting we proceeded onwards, passing many decayed tombs, with which, in this region, most of the hillocks are crowned, and directed our course towards the river at Sonda, to which place our boats had advanced. The country was saline, and as usual little of it was cultivated. The capparis, asclepidias, and tamarisk had been our companions throughout the route; and before nightfall we reached a "shikárgáh," or hunting-thicket of the Ameers, and were delighted with the perfume of the babool as we sauntered along the banks of the river. Our boats were on the opposite side, and when the boatmen shouted to our party their cries resounded through the thickets, and were re-echoed by the rocky hillocks. We had no sooner reached the boats than one of our Jokeeas commenced playing upon his "tumachee," a kind of rude guitar, much to the amusement of his companions. After enduring his inharmonious strains for some time, we opposed him with some fine musical boxes, and from this day the vanquished performer fairly admitted that his instrument had lost its power. A Swiss mountaineer would not have been so easily turned aside from the airs of his native hills; nor perhaps was our Jokeeá friend in his inmost heart.

From Tattá to Hydrabad the western bank of the Indus presents to the eye a maze of hills, of sand and lime formation, and destitute of herbage. The lower hills bear the name of Gara or Kara, and it is difficult to discover in them any continuous range; the Hala mountains lie beyond and tower over them. There are roads through the hills from Curachee to Sehwun, and also to Jurruk and Hydrabad. We passed these bleak scenes rapidly, and reached the capital on the 18th of January.

On the following day we were presented to the Ameers, when I delivered my credentials from the Governor-General of India. The interview was a protracted one, and the chiefs were cordial and kind. We first saw the two Ameers Noor and Nusseer Khan, and then accompanied them to Meer Mahomed, who was sick and confined to his apartments. Sobdar, the fourth Ameer, was, as usual, absent, but his son appeared in the assemblage. Noor Mahomed said that "his father had firmly planted the tree of friendship between the states." "Yes, my lord," said I, "it is true he did so, but your highness has watered it." "It has grown into a large tree," rejoined the Ameer. "It is true, my lord," I replied, "and the fruit is now visible." In this complimentary style, to which I had been familiarized during my former visit, all our conversation was carried on. After some general topics had been discussed, I was questioned as to Runjeet Sing's designs on Northern Sinde. I answered that a friend's country was not to be invaded by a friend's friend. I then explained the objects of the Governor-General in sending me on the present expedition,—the line of my proposed journey,—our

intention of examining and measuring the Indus, exen as far as to Attock,—my ultimate destination to Cábool and Candahar, for the purpose of explaining to the rulers and merchants there our policy in opening the Indus, and,—finally, the most important point of all, the instructions which I had received to endeavour to infuse confidence into all classes, by a declaration of the happy and close friendship which subsisted between the British and the powers on the Indus. To all this statement a profound attention was given. When I had concluded the Ameer said, "Your journey is a long one; you shall be welcome whilst you continue in Sinde, and when you return to it." Before separating, the Ameers, as usual, caused me to speak the few sentences in Sindee which I had picked up by the roadside, and expressed their delight; but I now told them that I had a grammar of their language, prepared by Mr. Wathen, the chief secretary to government; and with a promise to give them a copy of it the interview terminated.

The Ameers proceeded next day to enjoy the sports of the field, and left us to examine the bazars of Hydrabad. No one could more heartily appreciate than I did the change of tone in this court, or more sincerely rejoice at the prosperous consequences which had flowed from my former voyage by the Indus to Lahore.

At Hydrabad I found a cassid or courier from Cabool, a relative of my old acquaintance Hyat the Cafila-bashee, and who had accompanied me to Khooloom and Koodooz. I recognised the man at once, and inquired after my friends. "Moorad Beg," said he in a very significant tone; "was *that* Moorad Beg?" "Atma Dewan Begee, his minister," continued the cassid, "had been in Cabool to get a wife, and had often blessed himself for having treated you so well." I gave the old courier, by name Massoom, as much flesh as he could eat, and he exclaimed, "Who could tell that you were the man who wore a pelisse with two robes? but we always knew you!" This wanderer offered to carry my despatches to Cabool, and I readily accepted his services. Mollah Nanuk also came to tell me the news of Bokhara, and that he knew Ullah Dad, Sirwur Khan, and many of my old *compagnons de voyage*. He asked me if I had seen any Islam like that of Bokhara. But I must get nearer these scenes ere I enlarge upon them.

It is not my design to enter into any detail of the arrangements which I made with the rulers of Sinde. I had frequent and friendly intercourse with them: one day Noor Mahomed said to me, "You had not even a beard when I first knew you." I replied that "one now covered my chin with black, in mourning for my departed youth,"—an idea which I had stolen from Sady, and which was loudly applauded. He next asked me what books I had read: I replied, chiefly historical, when his brother inquired if I had finished the Goolistán and Bostán? They asked me why we objected to the slave-trade? Upon which I explained the enormities of a slave-ship, and the compact which the powers of Europe had entered into to suppress the traffic. On taking leave of Noor Mahomed, he said, "It is pleasant to converse with intelligent men, as it makes one learned;"—a specimen of Sindian adulation which must stand in place of further details; and I shall now transfer the scene beyond Hydrábád.

CHAPTER II.

Hunting excursion with the Ameers—Camel-riding—Costumes—Accident—Mode of hunting—Murderous sport—Lakat—Amusements—Hawking—Sehwun—Moral degradation—Geology—Natural history—New companions—Larkhanu—Dr. Lord—Ameer of Khyrpoor—Sindian dance—Ghoolam Nubee Khán—Deejee—Maraschino, a new medicine—Antelope hunting—Sindian falcons—Bukkur.

The Ameers of Hydrábád gave us a pressing invitation to accompany them on one of their hunting excursions north of their capital, which we readily accepted. We left the city in the evening of the 5th of February, and the next morning joined their highnesses at the ferry of Khaupootra, ten miles distant. All ceremony seemed now laid aside. Meer Shahdad, the eldest son of Noor Mahomed, visited us at our breakfast hour, and the Ameers pulled up at our tent-doors, and asked after us as they passed.

Shahdad is about 22 years old. He looks worn, and is said to be dissipated; he struck me as better educated than his father or uncles. He asked me what was the religion of China; and, after receiving some explanation on the subject, said it must then be that of Jengis Khán. A number of the 'Edinburgh Review' lay on the table, and in reply to his inquiries I explained, as well as I could to a Sindian, what a review was. He listened very attentively, and said that "Two-thirds of all the nations were fools, but he supposed we had reduced the number to one-fifth." He seemed uneasy at thinking that he was interrupting our meal; and, saying his father would be wondering at his absence, took his leave. He had been praying at the tomb of his grandfather, Moorad Ali, and is a rigid Shiah.

Before mid-day a messenger came running to our tents and informed us that the Ameers were waiting for us. Our party, consisting of Lieutenants Wood and Leech and myself, immediately set out to join them, mounted on splendidly-caparisoned riding-camels, which had been sent for our use. We found Noor and Nusseer Mahomed in "mafras," a kind of conveyance like a native palanqueen, carried by two strong mules, one in front and the other in the rear. They alighted on our joining them, and mounted camels. I expressed a hope that this new arrangement, by which they exchanged a comfortable conveyance, sheltered from a hot sun, for the back of a camel, was not made on our account. The Ameers replied with great kindness, declaring that it was perfectly agreeable to them, and we all trotted along together on camels, which, when trained, are certainly a pleasant means of conveyance. When prayer-time arrived we dismounted, and, sheltering ourselves under a tree, sent a message requesting the Ameers to proceed without us, which, as they had rather too much sunning, they accordingly did, and we joined them in the evening. The Ameers, on this occasion, affected no state; they conversed very familiarly with all their attendants, and the men who guided their camels were as well dressed as themselves. They wore common yellow shirts, made like a blouze, with large loongees round their waists. Noor Mahomed asked why we had no kummerbunds, or waist-sashes, and I replied that we wore tight clothes instead. He said that the sash was a great ornament. The Sindians of the party were as noisy as their countrymen are in general, and the number of "bismillas" (in the name of God), and "Ya Ali" (Oh Ali), as the camels climbed the side of an aqueduct, or as they shuffled along the road, was highly amusing. The cortége was very scattered: there seldom were more than thirty people in all with the Ameers, the falconers and the physicians following as they pleased; but, by the evening, we were all gathered together at Mesa, a mean village, which has a garden and a hunting-box, where the chiefs alighted. At night they sent to us,

requesting a sight of the caps we had worn, and which they perceived had shaded us from the sun, by which they themselves had suffered so much. Lieutenant Leech's cap in particular, a large white *broad brimmer*, turned up inside and out with green, had drawn forth great laudations during the march. As for mine, it was a "*shocking bad hat*," and I was absolutely ashamed to submit it to the inspection of these potentates, its days of service had been so many. I sent it nevertheless, convinced that anything which taught a Talpoor to screen himself from the sun would be of important service to him. At dinner we enjoyed the roast meat of our entertainers, and all our people, as well as their own, shared the hospitality of the Ameers, not only on this evening, but throughout the excursion.

The Sindians are very expert in putting their horses in and out of boats, but at the ferry this morning one of the horses dislocated his shoulder, and his terrified groom brought him to us for our advice. After examining the poor animal, I ordered him to be thrown down, and all our horse-keepers to pull and tug at the limb. The struggles of the animal, probably more than the skill of the operators, set all to rights, for to our great surprise, and to the decided increase of our reputation for universal science, he sprung up as well as ever. The Ameers soon heard of the affair, and the owner of the horse was far more delighted at the honour done to his steed than he had previously been when I presented him with a lithographed copy of the Goolistan. He was Ali Khan, the brother of Ahmed Khan, the Lagharee chief.

On the afternoon of the 7th we set out on camels and followed the Ameers to Majindu. The distance was about 20 miles through an open and arid country, very near the outlying hills, and the Lukkee range was in sight. We found the chiefs in another of their hunting-boxes, examining their weapons and talking over their expectations of sport. They received us without any ceremony, and placed Lieutenant Leech and myself on a cot opposite to them. Lieutenant Wood was unavoidably absent. Noor Mahomed made me a present of a small Sindian rifle, and taught me the manner of using it, he and his brother adjusting my hands. At last the Ameer got up and fired at a jar as a mark which was placed so near that he could not well miss it. I followed him and shivered the vessel twice; no great feat, but which fixed my character as a "topchee." A dagger was then given to Lieutenant Leech, and another was sent to Lieutenant Wood. We promised to join the party next day in the Sindian dresses with which their highnesses had provided us; it having been decided *nem. con.* that the game in the hunting-grounds could not but be frightened at so novel a sight as the tight habiliments of a Firingee.

We started at sunrise, as usual, on camels, and after proceeding about three miles entered the preserve. The Sindians, usually so noisy, became at once quite silent. Meer Nusseer Khan, near whom I was riding, dismounted, and, desiring me to do the same, took me by the hand and led me to a grass hut, in which was a raised platform, where he seated himself, and me beside him. The front of the hut was open, and here we remained in anxious expectation till the game should be driven down towards us by men and packs of ferocious-looking dogs, which we soon heard yelling and barking from the opposite side of the thicket. One solitary hog came, but he did not give us an opportunity to fire, though the Ameer had passed to me one of his fine guns, and insisted upon my taking the first shot. After the lapse of half an hour the arrival of the dogs, bloody and almost breathless, showed that this preserve at least was cleared. We therefore mounted our camels and joined Noor Mahomed Khan, who led the way to other ground. Here the same arrangements were made; and I sat by the side of the principal Ameer, with the gun which he had given me the preceding evening. The game was here more abundant, and some eight or ten hogs soon showed themselves. The Ameer, like a true sportsman, exclaimed, "That is your side, this is mine." I fired first, and killed a hog,—nor could I well miss, since the animal was not more than 25 or 30 yards off, and I fired with a rifle and a rest.

The Ameer, however, was greatly delighted, seized me by the hand, and shouted his applause; and I, knowing myself to be but a poor representative of the British sportsman, was glad that at least I had not disgraced my nation. After a short interval up bounded a hog-deer (Kotah-pachir, or para—*Cervus Porcinus*), and, as he sprung past the box, and while in the air, was shot dead by the hands of the Ameer. It was a clever quick shot, but the sport would be considered as pure murder by the initiated; for in this instance the distance between the muzzle of the rifle and the game did not exceed three or four yards; but Noor Mahomed is a keen and good sportsman, and there was much both of pleasure and excitement in the whole affair. Covers of young tamarisk generally surround the hunting-boxes, and narrow alleys are cut through these in different directions, but all converging to the hut where the Ameer is seated. It was amusing to notice the poor animals pause as they crossed these paths, and gaze deliberately down them, as if consulting with themselves what course to pursue: then ever and anon frightened at the yells of the dogs behind them, they would rush onwards in despair, and generally to certain death. After this the party broke up; and, bidding farewell to our kind entertainer, Nusseer Khan, who proceeded from hence to enjoy the sport in his own preserves, we trotted on for a dozen miles until we reached the Indus. On our way we overtook Noor Mahomed Khan in his palanqueen, and rode with him for some distance. He and his brother wore plain suits of gray woollen cloth—the only visible indication of their rank consisted in their sleeve-buttons of emeralds, and their jewelled daggers. Their rifles also were richly ornamented, and of these each had three or four loaded by him. The locks were English, but the other parts of the piece of native manufacture. They only used English powder in priming. We crossed the river in the state barge of the Ameer, and now found ourselves in the district of Lakat. Next morning we rode along the river for about ten miles to Nihaya, which is considered the best sporting-ground in Sinde.

The pleasures of the field were for a few days interrupted by a southerly wind, which is considered unfavourable to the sport, but on the 12th a change of wind again drew us forth, and there was a slight hoar-frost on the ground and bushes, but on the boughs of the tamarisk it was soon converted into tear-drops. Noor Mahomed Khan was in great spirits, and laughed heartily when one of the grass huts in which we were sitting came down with us, and we all rolled over each other. On this day we had good sport, and I began to question the opinion I had first formed regarding their mode of killing game; for so densely thick are the covers in this region, that, without some such arrangement as that which they adopt, I doubt the possibility of their killing anything. These parks, or "Moharees" as they are called, seem to be planned with care. A large tract of ground, shaped as a square or parallelogram, is staked off, and wattled all round so as to prevent the egress of the game. This again is subdivided into many triangular divisions, and at each of the angles so formed a shooting-box, or "Koodunee," is placed, and the animals which escape at one point are constrained to pass to another.

During the whole of the sport the Ameers were the only persons, with the exception of myself, who fired a shot. Innumerable sons and nephews were present, but were not allowed to pull a trigger.

We passed several days in this manner, hunting and fishing. The venison from the hog-deer is most delicious, but the society we were in prevented our eating the wild hog: we had, however, roasted partridges and Beloochee kabobs daily sent to us, and fared extremely well. Some mornings we went out hawking with the Ameers' falcons. This is a spirited sport, and I should say there was as much certainty of the game being killed by a hawk well managed as by a gun in the hands of a good shot. With a couple of hawks we generally returned, after two hours, with six brace or more in our bag. The birds were of two sorts—the "baz," or gray falcon, with large yellow eyes, from Khorasan, and the "bashu," a native

of Sinde, a kind of sparrow-hawk. The mode of training seems much the same as in Persia—the eyes being sewn up for many days, and the creatures denied all sleep till subdued.

We received many friendly visits from the Ameer, and had frequent and familiar conversations with him. He was evidently anxious to impress upon us that he had no higher way of marking his favour than by bringing us with him through his own country to his preserves, since it showed to the people that we were "as one." We cordially acknowledged the justice of the observation and our full appreciation of his kindness. "A better understanding," said I, "has lately arisen between the governments, and this friendly intercourse will cement it." Foreseeing, I suppose, the inevitable departure of independent greatness, Noor Mahomed asked much about the treatment shown by us to the native princes of India. He inquired as to the pension granted to the Great Moghul. This information I gave him, at the same time claiming credit to England for her liberality in not only releasing that personage from the Mahrattas, but assigning to him an annual stipend of fifteen lacs of rupees. He expressed surprise that the Guicwar, the Mahratta ruler of Baroda in Guzerat, should have an income of nearly a crore of rupees, and asked how the resident at his court was paid. He enlarged on the wealth of Guzerat, inquired into the cause of Girnar having fallen into decay, also whether there was still a place named Champaneer, and what was the state of Ahmedabad, as all these had been noted places in the time of Mahomed Begra. He asked if I had ever seen any river which could be compared with the Indus? I replied that I had seen the Ganges, the Oxus, and the Nile; but never any river so favourable for the ruler, the subject, and the merchant, as the Indus. "Most other countries," added I, "require rain, but Sinde can do without it." He said Sinde was a fine country, particularly the lower part of it; that rain always brought with it disease, and that they were better without it. The Ameer also told me that he had five histories of Sinde which he would give me—a promise, by the by, which he never fulfilled. He seemed tolerably conversant with the annals of his country, of the Soomras and Sumas, and quoted the tradition of the Sund Rajas having captured Cutch by concealing themselves under grass and entering one of the principal forts. These subjects drew him on to speak of his own ancestors, and their connection with the British government. He asked after Mr. Ellis, whom he said he remembered, adding that his abilities were great, and that a saying of his was often repeated by his father and uncles. When a native agent was to be stationed in Sinde, the Ameers wished to fix him at Tattá. Mr. Ellis replied, "No; let him be under the shade of the Ameers;" and Hydrábád became his residence. I give the foregoing as a specimen of the general tone of his conversation. We bade farewell to his highness on the 16th at Nasree, and proceeded to join our boats near Sehwun, the Ameer departing the same day for his capital; both parties, if protestations could be relied upon, delighted with the expedition, and with all its incidents and adventures.

Now that I had made the journey from the sea to near Sehwun by land, and had acquired a more extensive knowledge of the country, I perceived how liable we are to be mistaken as to its wealth and fertility. Nothing can be more tiresome to the eye than the monotonous plains of tamarisk which bound the view in every direction: but it is quite certain that a great portion of these plains might be irrigated. The tamarisk is easily hewn down, and the Ameers never proceed to hunt but a broad road is cut through it with little labour. The rich part of Sinde is not to be found on the banks of the Indus, but at some miles inland, where the water is conducted by canals. Often too, in the interior of the country, there are large "dunds" or stagnant lakes left by the inundation, and these are also used for irrigation. I have already mentioned those of Kinjore, and in Lakat also we met with several. They abound in fish, and innumerable fresh-water shells are found round the banks of all these pools: some of these are transparent and delicate. It was

remarked that, though we are in low countries, we had not seen a frog, a scorpion, or a snake; the cast-off skins of the latter had, however, been found.

On our way to the river we were met by many of the inhabitants, and it was curious to see the interest which even the poorest of them took in the late sport. They invariably asked us if the Ameer had killed much game. I expected such questions from the higher orders, but was not prepared to find the peasants equally interested in the matter. Near Tatta one of them brought to me the head of a wolf, which he had killed in one of the preserves, and demanded a gift, not because he had destroyed the enemy of man, but because wolves injured the Ameer's sport. Laws very similar to the old forest-laws of England seem to obtain here. Any trespass on the hunting-thickets is severely punished; and a stray bullock or buffalo which enters them is confiscated. Our presence among the Sindians had evidently made no little impression upon them, for they asked if they would still be allowed to kill beef and say their prayers aloud, the interdiction of these privileges being the proofs of conquest which their neighbours, subdued by the Sikhs, have had imposed upon them. The Sindian, however, whether his station be high or low, has attained but an humble place in the scale of civilization. Throughout this journey we found all parties dissipated and indifferent to almost everything but sensuality. The tamarisk, their native shrub, is a type of the country—weeds overgrow the soil, physical and moral.

Before passing on to Sehwun we visited the mineral springs of Lukkee, which flow from a fissure of the rock under a perpendicular precipice of about 600 feet, which, in its nakedness, put me in mind of Hindoo Koosh. The temperature of the water was 102°, the air being at 70°, and the odour sent forth was sulphureous and unpleasant. The spring flows unintermittingly, and deposits near its source some caky substance, or silica. The rock is entirely formed of shells and limestone, and the rents and fissures present a singular chaos, as if nature had been convulsed. The organic remains of former ages are innumerable; the asteroid, the cockle, the oyster, the nummulite, and almost all kinds of sea-shells, may be collected on the Lukkee range. In the clefts I found bones, but these were modern, and had evidently been dragged there by hyænas and jackals. A more minute search would, however, reward the geologist in this interesting range. I have also little doubt that the loftier mountains of Hala, seen to the west, are similar in their conformation to those of Sehwun: both are destitute of vegetation.

On the 20th we moored in the Arul; and proceeded to revisit the singular mound or castle of Sehwun, on which so much discussion has been expended. I felt still as much puzzled and pleased with these curious remains as I had formerly been. I however avoided the tomb of Lal Shah Baz, for a visit once in a man's life to such a scene of noise and importunate begging seemed to me sufficient. The town of Sehwun did not appear to contain one-half the number of people which I had formerly assigned to it, viz. five thousand souls: the inhabitants were chiefly beggars and fishermen. The fish here are very numerous, and a favourable opportunity was presented to us of largely increasing our drawings of them. In the end these formed a valuable portfolio of every specimen to be found in the Indus, 36 in number. The water-fowl of Lake Munchur, which Lieutenant Leech went to visit, were also figured with care. Some of them were very curious, particularly the "aree," with three joints to its web-foot, which overlapped each other like armour. Of these, and others of the feathered tribe, the drawings at length amounted to 191, those of quadrupeds to 20, and those of reptiles to 11. The whole of these were presented by government to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, together with about 200 specimens of natural history, and the extensive geological collections which we made throughout the journey.

The trip to Munchur gave us an insight into that singular tract. As the water retires, cultivation is resumed, while the lake itself is covered with small fishing-boats not overrated at a thousand in number. They are in the custom of spearing the fish, the weeds rendering it impossible for them to spread their nets.

On quitting Sehwun, my former fellow-traveller, Mohun Lal, met me from Bhawulpore. He had been placed at my disposal, and I was glad to see him after a lapse of five years. I had been previously joined by another protégé, Nourozjee Furdoonjee, a young Parsee educated at the Elphinstone college in Bombay. I was very anxious to give an opportunity to the youth of that presidency to distinguish themselves on so important an occasion as the present journey afforded them; and young Nourozjee had volunteered to accompany me. Besides the recommendation which he possessed from promising talents, he had been educated under the care of a respected and venerated friend of my own, now no more, the Honourable James Sutherland, than whom no one was ever more beloved, or commanded more universal esteem; and thus I took a double interest in the welfare of the young man. The absence however from his countrymen pressed heavily on Nourozjee, and he ultimately returned to Bombay, after giving me, throughout the journey, the highest satisfaction. He is at present an assistant professor in the Elphinstone college—an institution which bids fair to do honour to the name it bears.

On the 1st of March we reached Meetanee, the frontier of my old friend Meer Roostum Khan, and were received as well as old friends could wish to be; I need say no more. Our entrance into this chief's territory was marked by a very successful operation on the part of our native doctor Mahomed Ali. A boy about nine years old presented himself with a capsular cataract in both eyes: he had been born blind. One of these cataracts the operator broke; and we kept the patient in our boats for several days till he could distinctly see, count numbers on his fingers, and move about without a guide. It was an interesting occupation to note the progress which he made, and with it the gratitude of his relatives. They did not wait for the second being cured, but were anxious to return home with their present success. This was not the only work of the native doctor: he removed with celerity and success a cataract from the eye of an old woman who had had it for six years. The woman saw at once; and prayed aloud for joy. This practitioner had acquired his experience in India under Dr. Richmond, whose pupil he had been for a considerable time. There is nothing in which European surgery produces a stronger impression on the minds of Asiatics than in operations on the eye, a branch of the science of which they are altogether ignorant.

After some very squally and rainy weather, in which we nearly lost one of our boats, we passed Chandkoh, and, disembarking, proceeded to visit Larkhanu, a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, fourteen miles from the Indus. Half way we crossed the Nara river, which was about three feet deep, with a current of a mile an hour. Up to this point the soil was saline, and entirely covered with a salt efflorescence, but after crossing this river we entered a rich and well-cultivated country. Larkhanu is pleasantly situated among date-trees, and is a place of note, having a bazar of 370 shops and some manufactures of coarse cloth. It lies also on the road between Curachee and Shikarpoor. We found a few Hindostanee soldiers here under Moosa Khan, an Armenian, who sent us very civil messages, but was afraid to visit us. Larkhanu cannot boast of the morality of its population, and its intoxicating liquors were too great a temptation for our people, some of whom had, I am sorry to say, become decided drunkards since our entering Sinde. A Sindee proverb runs "Jeehoo nano, goom Larkano" (If you have money, go to Larkhanu and get rid of it); but the same may be said of many other places.

After a day's residence we quitted Larkhanu, and joined our boats at the ferry of Keree, where we were received by a deputation from Ali Moorad, who had sent his brother-in-law, and Simon Michael, an Armenian, the commander of his troops, to welcome us. They brought dogs with them, and a civil invitation to us to go to their hunting-grounds, but political circumstances obliged me to decline the offer. We passed up the river to Buttee ferry ("putung") twenty miles from Khyrpoor, where we were joined by the minister, Futteh Khan, who with the usual ceremonies escorted us next morning to Khyrpoor, passing on our route through the large village of Peer-gote. One of the commanders of the boats accompanied us,

and, sailor-like, seemed uneasy on shore: I asked him why he did not enjoy himself? "Enjoy myself!" exclaimed he; "why, what is this to a boat? In a boat we are kings, and go ten cosses a day, but here we are nothing better than tired mortals!" I differed widely in opinion from this man; for it was always with pleasure that I exchanged the boat for the shore. We were joined at Khyrpoor by Dr. Lord, who had been escorted from Hydrábád by a young Englishman, named Howell, in the employ of the Ameers, and who was distinguished by the title of "Chota Khan," or the little lord.

On the 16th we all paid our respects to the Ameer, who received us even more kindly than his relative had done at Hydrábád. He seated me on the same cushion with himself, and said that I had founded the friendship between him and the British, and that I was his dearest friend, with many other obliging speeches which I leave untold; but it is only justice to him to remark that, in the day of need, nearly two years after, his Highness proved by his conduct towards the British the sincerity of his professions, and, when all Sinde was hostile to us, he separated himself from the local confederacies and surrendered to us the fort of Bukkur for a dépôt, which, as he justly styled it, was "the heart of his country." I, however, found myself not altogether pleasantly situated with this good chief, for the Hydrábád family were at this time exerting themselves to secure the supremacy in Sinde, in which they in the end failed, but which retarded the cordiality between our government and Khyrpoor which subsequent events have happily established.

The second "eed," or festival, happened while we were at Khyrpoor, and it gave us an opportunity of seeing the national dance of the aboriginal Sindees of the Mai or Myanee tribe, who subsist by fishing. The women of the tribe all came dressed in holiday clothes, and, forming a circle round the musicians, moved in slow time, beating the ground and clapping their hands, which they raised above their heads. In marriages and festivals men and women join in the dance together. All these women were on a very large scale, thick-set and dark; few were handsome, and their ear and neck ornaments were so large as to be unseemly.

After this the prima donna of Khyrpoor, Jewun Bukhsh, entertained us with a "natch." This girl is a religious courtesan, who builds mosques and gives away large sums in charity; her features were melancholy but handsome, and the shape of her feet peculiarly elegant. She and her sisters, beautiful girls also, exerted themselves to amuse us. They danced with naked swords and guns, personifying jealous husbands and ardent lovers, and fell at last, as it appeared to us, more from the effect of *ardent spirits* than from fatigue.

There was at this time, at Khyrpoor, a mission from the Brahooee chief of Kelat, and through it we opened a communication with the ruler of that country, Mehrab Khan, and his young son, who reside at Gundava; and for a time this negotiation gave promise of being useful to us. The Vakeel, or agent, by name Ghoolam Nubee Khan, visited us in our camp, and we derived from him and his people much information. I showed him some drawings of Asiatic costumes, which so delighted him that he actually leaped for joy. On seeing the portrait of Runjeet Sing, he ejaculated, "Are you then so little and so blind, and yet trouble the world so much?" On turning over to a Eusoophzye of Peshawur he exclaimed, "And you, you wretch! why don't you cut out the Sikh's heart?" And then, placing the one picture before the other, he continued, "Look at the diminutive infidel,—look at him,—kill him! Would you not like to be as near him as you are now?" All this was said with an energy that made it amusingly ridiculous.

The chief of Deejee, Ali Moorad Khan, finding he could not tempt us to hunt, got politically sick, and requested me to send Dr. Lord to him, which I did. The day following Roostum Khan paid that chief a visit of condolence on the loss of an infant child; and we, having received an invitation, went also, and joined Dr. Lord. Deejee is about fourteen miles from Khyrpoor. It is a neat mud fort, built on one of the flat hills of flint, lime, and sand, which occur in this part of the country. It is a showy castellated work of some little strength, and

contains the riches of this scion of the Talpoors, who has the credit of being the wealthiest chief in Sinde. The town near it is small, and chiefly occupied by retainers. The desert, which stretches towards Jaysulmeer, begins at Deejee. The chief received us well, housed us in his fort, and, soon forgetting all his ailments, proposed a hunting excursion for the next day. He pronounced himself cured by Doctor Lord's medicines, who, however, had only given him a glass of maraschino, which was discovered in Sinde to have effects unknown to us. The medicine was so highly appreciated, that we were not only constrained to part with the little stock which we had with us, but to send an order for three dozen of it, for the special consumption of the invalid.

In the morning we set out on our excursion to hunt the antelope on the skirts of the desert. The Ameer mounted me with himself on his own camel, and Doctor Lord was driven by the chief's brother-in-law, which greatly surprised the people. Ali Moorad is about 25 years old, and a clever sharp man, with some energy of character. He put many questions to me on political matters, and it was very evident that sport was not the only object he had in view in arranging the party. We rode in among the antelopes; then dismounted, and advanced under the cover of a camel near enough to fire. I essayed twice, but was unsuccessful. At length Ali Moorad killed a fine buck; and great was my surprise to hear him shout out to his people in praise of my firing, and declare that the successful shot was mine! I laughed outright on receiving gratulations so undeserved; but I could undeceive no one except the gentlemen of my own party. There is more sport in antelope-shooting than in the preserve and hut affairs in which we had been engaged lower down. It a good deal resembles what we call in India deer-stalking. After some hours of exertion, we sat down under the bushes and enjoyed some camel's milk, which we got fresh from the herds grazing on the ground; when drunk thus it is palatable. We returned to Deejee, where we partook of a splendid entertainment; and in the evening returned to Khyrpoor, the Ameer again mounting on his own camel, and driving me himself. The whole affair was got over in the most amicable manner, without giving offence even to Meer Roostum, which was a delicate point. Before parting, the Ameer gave permission to Lieutenant Leech to visit the manufacturing districts of Raneepoor and Gumbut, which lie in his territories, and that officer accordingly proceeded thither direct from Deejee. Lieutenant Wood was absent on the river during these festivities, and his unremitting zeal had already enabled him to send me very perfect nautical information regarding the lower Indus.

This Ameer, Ali Moorad, had some very fine hawks, which amused us on our way to and from the hunting-grounds; and as I have heard sportsmen express much curiosity on the subject of these birds, I give the list of falcons, &c., known to the Sindians:—

Luggur, female, Juggur, male.	Native of Sinde; a large sparrowhawk, with dark eye, trained for the season and then let loose.
Baz, female, Zorru, male.	Native of Khorasan; goolab (yellow) eye: a noble bird.
Bashu, female, Bisheen, male.	Native of Khorasan; goolab eye: small.
Churgh, female, Churghela, male.	Native of Cuthee; black-eyed: fastens on the antelope, and kills the "tuloor."
Bahree, female, Bahree buchu, male.	Native of Sinde; found near the Indus, and not prized.
Kohee, female, Koheela, male.	Also called Shaheen; native of Sinde; black-eyed.
Tooruratee, female, Chatway, male.	Native of Sinde; black-eyed: let loose after the season.
Shikra, female, Chipuk, male.	Native of Sinde; goolab eye.

The Ookab, or vulture of Sinde, attacks all these hawks; and it is a curious fact that the domesticated hawk, when let loose, is frequently set upon by all the wild birds of its own species.

On the 30th of March, we took leave of Khyrpoor and proceeded to Roree Bukkur. So great a change had taken place in the feelings of the inhabitants towards us, that we had now only to express the wish, and we were at once ferried across, by the Vizier himself, to the celebrated fortress of Bukkur. He chose this singular time to renew some requests that had been previously made to me, with a view of cementing more closely our alliance; but I asked him, and I did so with perfect sincerity, what he could wish for more, since our mutual confidence was already so great, that we stood together as friends in Bukkur? Little at this time could I have ventured to hope that on Christmas-day of the ensuing year, I should have been the envoy to negotiate a treaty placing Khyrpoor under British protection. Such, however, was the case; and on the 29th of January, 1839, in company with my respected friend, General Sir Willoughby Cotton, I saw the British ensign peaceably planted on this important fortress, and waving over the waters of the Indus.

CHAPTER III.

Sukkur—Shikarpoor—Its commercial communications, population, bazars, &c.—River festival—Beauties—Character of the people—Wild tribes—Muzarees—A chief—Native song—Crocodile-steaks—Alligators—Mittuncote—Bhawul Khan, chief of Bhawulpoor—A French adventurer, Mons. Argoud—Mahommedan convent—Don José Gonsalvez, our artist—Runjeet Sing's officers—Kind reception—The Indus at Mittun—Dera Ghazee Khan—District of Deerajat—Its great importance—Lohanee Afghans—Their routes—The "Gates of Khorasan"—Traffic of Dera Ghazee Khan—Vicinity—Bazars.

From Bukkur we crossed to Sukkur, and marched next day for Shikarpoor, then a *terra incognita*. We were conducted through its dirty but extensive bazars by representatives from Hydrabad and Khyrpoor: the governor shortly after waited upon us; and the whole host of merchants, bankers, and money-changers soon besieged our camp. From them we gathered intelligence of the designs of Persia on Herat and Candahar, and altogether found our attention transferred, in consequence of their communications, from the Indus and Sinde to matters of more stirring interest, and which, in the end, brought about unlooked-for changes. The chief of Bhawulpoor had been keeping up an active correspondence with us since we had entered the Indus, and now begged me "to quicken my steps and withdraw from between us the screen of separation." Runjeet Sing, although not over-pleased at our stepping between him and the wide region of Sinde, which he looked upon as his prey, was nevertheless most kind in his invitations; and his rival, Dost Mahommed Khan, of Cabool, likewise sent his messengers to urge us to visit him. We continued at Shikarpoor for ten days, engaged in inquiries regarding its commerce, which, as is well known, extends over all Asia, China and Turkey excepted. Shikarpoor is a town of the first importance to the trade of the Indus. This does not result from any superiority in its home manufactures, but from its extensive money transactions, which establish a commercial connection between it and many remote marts. It stands near the northern frontier of the

Sinde territories, 28 miles directly west of the Indus, and about the same distance from the fort of Bukkur. Towards the north the Sinde boundary extends to Rozan, on the road to Candahar and Kelat, by the well-known pass of Bolan: so that the merchants always speak of Shikarpoor and Dera Ghazee Khan, a town higher up, as the "Gates of Khorasan;" by which name they here distinguish the kingdom of Cabool. In every direction commercial roads conduct the trade to Shikarpoor; but the communication is entirely carried on by land, although all the merchants of the town, great and small, agree in the opinion that their profits would be much increased, and their interests promoted, were a communication by water established.

Shikarpoor is not a town of any antiquity, though there has always been a place of note in its neighbourhood. Alore, Sukkur, Bukkur, and Roree have all followed each other, and the present town has succeeded Lukkee, a place eight miles south of it, which was held by the ancestors of the present chief of Bhawulpoor, who were expelled by Nadir Shah. It appears to have been built A. D. 1617, since its date is preserved in the Arabic word ghouk, or frog, the numeral letters of which give the year of the Hegira 1026; the word likewise conveying some idea of the neighbourhood, which lies low. The slope of the country favours its easy irrigation; and in consequence of the Emperors of Delhi having caused extensive canals to be cut from the Indus, Shikarpoor is supplied with abundance of food, and cheaper than any part of Sinde. The obscure term of "nou Lakkee Sinde" has reference, I am informed, to this part of the country, that being the amount of revenue above Sinde Proper derived from the province called Moghulee. Natives of Shikarpoor who have seen British India assert that their own town is capable of being made a second Bengal. Nadir Shah visited Shikarpoor in his conquests; but its vicinity to countries so much disturbed prevented its becoming a commercial mart, till the Suddozye princes established their authority in it; and its prosperity may be dated from the year 1786, in the reign of Timour Shah, who first located Hindoos in the town, after he had conferred the government of Sinde on the family of the present Ameers. Shikarpoor is the only place in Sinde where that tribe have established a paramount influence, and the Ameers have hitherto had the good sense not to seek to deprive them of it, although Shikarpoor has been subject to Sinde for the last 16 years. The revenues collected in it are divided between the Hydrabad and Khyrpoor chiefs, the latter having three shares and the former four, and the expenses incurred in defending it are borne by them in the same proportions. The population of the town exceeds 30,000 souls; but it is to be remembered that, in addition to the actual residents, there are a considerable number of Hindoos belonging to the place, who are scattered all over Asia in commercial pursuits, and who return to their families in after life. The inhabitants consist of Hindoos of the Bunya, Lohanu, and Bhattea tribes; but Baba Nanuk Sikhs compose more than half the number. About one-tenth of the population is Mahommedan; most of these are Afghans, who received grants of land, or "puttas," as they are called from the name of the deed, and settled around Shikarpoor, in the time of the Dooranees. The town, though surrounded by gardens and trees, is quite open; for a mud wall, which has been allowed to fall into decay, can scarcely be called a defence. There are, however, eight gates. The bazar is extensive, having 884 different shops. It is covered with mats as a shade from the sun, but has no architectural beauty. The houses are built of sun-dried bricks: they are lofty and comfortable, but destitute of elegance. The climate is said to be very hot and oppressive in the summer, and there are so many stagnant pools around the walls, that it is surprising the people do not find the place insalubrious. The thermometer had a range of 26° in the middle of April, falling to 59° in the night, and rising to 82° in the day; but we are informed that the temperature this year was unusually moderate, and that across the Indus, at Khyrpoor, the thermometer had already stood at 96°. Water is found at 12 or 15 feet from the surface, but the river has for three or four years past flooded large tracts in the neighbourhood. The land revenues, exclusive of expenses in collection, &c., now

average two lacs and a half of rupees per annum; and the customs and town-duties are farmed for 64,000 rupees, the currency being inferior by 5½ per cent. to the company's rupee. This statement, however, does not include the whole of the districts which were held by the Afghans, Noushera being under Larkhanu, and several rich jagheers having been bestowed on religious persons. The inundation, having lately inclined towards Shikarpoor, has also increased its revenues, probably to half a lac of rupees, but the addition cannot be considered as likely to be permanent. It will only be necessary to name the towns at which the Shikarpoor merchants have agents, to judge of their widely extended influence. Beginning from the west, every place of note from Astracan to Calcutta seems to have a Shikarpooree stationed in it. Thus they are found at Muscat, Bunder, Abbass, Heeman, Yezd, Meshid, Astracan, Bokhara, Samarcand, Kokan, Yarkund, Koondooz, Kooloom, Sulzwar, Candahar, Ghuzni, Caboul, Peshawur Dera Ghazee Khan, Dera Ishmael Khan, Bukkur, Leia, Mooltan, Ooch, Bhawulpoor, Umritsir, Jeypoor, Beecaneer, Jaysulmeer, Palee, Mandivee, Bombay, Hydrabad (Deccan), Hydrabad (Sinde), Kurachee, Kelat, Mirzapoor, and Calcutta. In all these places bills may be negotiated, and at most of them there is a direct trade either from Shikarpoor or one of its subordinate agencies. The business seems however, to be more of a banking nature than a commerce in goods; but still there is not any great quantity of ready money at Shikarpoor, for there is no mint to which gold or bullion may be carried, and consequently a loss ensues upon its import. The Hindoos of Astracan, I am informed, have lately been converted to Islam, and within these two years those of Bokhara have been molested, for the first time, on account of their creed.

On the 6th of April we had a good opportunity of seeing the people of Shikarpoor, there being on that day a great festival in honour of the river, which is held at the new moon, and happened this year to be also the beginning of the Moohurrum, or great Shiah holiday. Shikarpoor was quite deserted on the occasion, for nearly the whole of its population betook themselves to the banks of the Sinde canal, where there was a fair under some lofty trees. I think that two-thirds of the assemblage were composed of women and children. They prostrated themselves in the canal and prayed; then shook each other by the hand, with a good hearty European shake; and mothers and brothers bought toys, and suitable English whirligigs, for their children and sisters. Confections and meats were in great demand. We threaded the crowd; and not the least remarkable feature of the scene was a couple of gray-bearded men, more fit to personate Moollahs than anything else, dancing like girls, with bells at their feet, striving to personate two lovers and to look bewitching. Shikarpoor can certainly boast of the bright eyes of its daughters; and this day gave us an excellent opportunity of judging of them. The Shikarpoorees are an astute, shrewd body of men, with no literature, however, and little education beyond accounts and reading. I doubt if I could describe them in language so graphic and true as that used by the inimitable author of "Anastasius," in speaking of their brethren of Smyrna: "Their whole hearts are wrapped up in cotton and broadcloths: they suppose men created for nothing but to buy and to sell; and whoever makes not these occupations the sole business of his life seems to them to neglect the end of his existence; and I verily believe that they marry for no other purpose but to keep up the race of merchants and bankers."

On the 10th we returned to the Indus at Moulanu Chacher, about twenty miles above Bukkur, where we found our boats. The country was a perfect thicket for half the distance: near Shikarpoor it was more open, and the cultivators of the ground were now cleaning out the small aqueducts which run from the Sinde canal, and on which the prosperity of the land depends. A few days after this time the water will enter the canal. At this season the country was overgrown with a shrub of a purple colour, like heather. I never saw in any country a greater profusion of roses than in Upper Sinde, but they are destitute of fragrance.

This was also the season of the mulberries, which are large and of good flavour. They ripen well under the great heat, which was now above 95° of Fahrenheit.

The wild tribes who occupy the western bank of the Indus, the Boordees, Boogtees, and Muzarees, now flocked about us full of promises of obedience and good behaviour. The plundering disposition of the Muzarees had for some time engaged the attention of our government, and we had made it a point of express stipulation with the authorities in Sinde that they should suppress it, in order that peace might be maintained on the river. This had become the more necessary as the Sikhs had marched troops into their country, and now held two of their villages—an event which was to all parties a subject of alarm and regret. The chief of the Muzarees, Behram Khan, had taken an early opportunity of showing his submission to the British, and had met me at Khyrpoor, with some sixty persons of his tribe from the plains and hills, "to seize," as he said, "the hem of the garment of the British nation." This chief attended us with his bards, who, as he entered the camp, sang his praises and deeds of valour, accompanying their voices by a kind of "siringee," or guitar, which sent forth softer sounds than could have been expected from the instrumental music of the *pirates* of the Indus. These barbarians, for they are little better, were astonished and enchanted when we produced our musical snuff-boxes: their chief, however, Behram, was evidently a man of sense and judgment. They all rode mares, which they said were more docile than horses, and capable of enduring greater fatigue on their "Chupaos," or forays; and that, when it was necessary to dismount, one man could hold half a dozen of them. They illustrated this by a curious proverb: "A man with a saddle on a mare has his saddle on a horse;—a man with his saddle on a horse has his saddle on his head." Whilst the musicians were singing I requested to be informed what was the subject they had selected, and found it to be, as I have stated, the praises of their chief. The following is a free translation:—

MUZAREE SONG.

"Thanks be to God for destroying the fort!
It will smooth away the difficulties of the poor.
Lend an ear to the supplications of Behram,
A generous chief, and the lord of castles.
His forces are like the waves of the sea;
Kurman, Dildar are his experienced commanders.
Aid him, oh the Ghilanee saint!
Aid him, oh the Ooch saint!
He slew one hundred men of the enemy;
His fame as a hero is spread afar;
Those at a distance will find what they fear.
There are twelve thousand chosen Muzarees.
His court is like Mitta the Great.
Ali has given him power.
The light of God shines upon him.
The ears of his mare are like a pen.
His saddle is worth a thousand rupees.
The world knows that the Lagharees came against him;
He relied on God, and went to fight.
Ghoolam Mahomed Baum, the general of his army,
Roostum Maseed defeated the enemy:
Five hundred of them were slain;
All their property was plundered.
Behram Muzaree conquered the enemy."

The country of these people is rich in wool, but their garments were all of the coarsest cotton cloth. Of their boldness of character we had ample opportunities of judging in the army of the Indus.

Eight days carried us beyond the Sinde frontiers, as we had a fair wind, and in fact a little too much of it, for it carried away a mast and some spars, and nearly

killed our barber, who was knocked into the river; but he was a Hajee, and had made four pilgrimages to Mecca, to which circumstance he of course attributed his escape. One day, as we were proceeding rapidly through the water, we were followed by a man, and the extreme anxiety which he evinced induced me to stop the boat and listen to him. His request was, that, as we had now become masters of the country, we should restore to him certain lands which had been wrested from his family in the time of Nadir Shah, and of which he still possessed the title-deeds; and, as statutes of limitation are unknown here, he assured us, again and again, that we had the power to do this if we had but the will. We found it impossible to persuade this man, and many others at different times, that we had no intention to interfere in domestic arrangements in this country more than in any of the others with which we had treaties. It was in vain that I frequently explained the objects of my mission: some loudly expressed their astonishment; others, particularly the chiefs, listened to my declaration in silence, but almost all evidently disbelieved it.

Near the ferry of Bara we found the fishermen actively engaged in sharing amongst themselves an immense alligator (seesar) which they had just caught. The monster had been cut up into joints and bits, some of which they were about to eat, assuring us that the steaks were delicious. I asked if these animals did not eat men, but the fishermen boldly got rid of this objection by assuring me that alligators and crocodiles lived entirely on fish! Having partaken of frog, horse, shark, and camel, I resolved to add a new item to my list of gastronomic experiences, and to try my hand at crocodile-steaks; but I found the food to be poor, close-grained, dry, and deficient in flavour, and I was very soon satisfied. Probably the art of cooking crocodiles may be yet in its infancy. The gall-bladder of the animal is carefully preserved, and used as a medicine in cases of obstinate wounds and defluxions. We had an opportunity not long after this of verifying the truth of the statement made by the fishermen, that these creatures live on fish. We had employed above a hundred men to try and catch the "boolun," or water-hog, and in their unsuccessful attempts to do so they caught a large crocodile (gurial) some thirteen or fourteen feet long, which they pinioned and bound in such a way, that Mr. Waterton's feat of mounting on his back for a hunt might have been performed without danger.* When the monster was killed, his stomach was found to contain four pulla, or sable-fish, showing, at least, that his taste in fish was refined, and disproving the assertion of the Sindians, that these fish do not ascend the Indus higher than Bukkur. On the authority of the crocodile we caused search to be made for this fish, upon which a waterman naïvely observed, "Why should not that animal have the best of the river, seeing he is the governor of it?" Wherever the current was slack, we found the alligators in great numbers, and could approach them within pistol-shot: I have seen as many as a hundred on one bank, and innumerable young ones, which were always easily captured.

On the 22nd of April, we reached Mittuncote and found ourselves on new ground; but previously to ascending the Indus we disembarked a few miles up the Chenab, and proceeded to visit my old and respected friend Bhawul Khan, at his residence of Ahmedpoor. From thence we passed to Bhawulpoor; and, descending the Gara, as the Sutledge is here called, passed by Ooch, and returned to Mittun after nearly a month's absence, which period, however, had not been uselessly employed. We found Bhawul Khan, as Englishmen have ever found him, a true friend and a princely host. He erected "landees," or wicker-work cottages, at each of the stages where we had to alight on our route to join him; and, not satisfied with his usual display of cooked meats, he had kindly been making inquiries as to what we would most relish. Some wag had assured him we were immoderately fond of frogs: whereupon all the pools and ditches were searched and

* This specimen may now be seen in the museum of the Bombay branch of the Asiatic Society.

cleared, and the frogs cherished and fattened up in ponds; but, alas! the worthy Khan on our arrival found out that he had been imposed upon: so the frogs were again let loose, and we had much fun and no death, contrary to the well-known fable. At Bhawulpoor we met a respectable officer in the Khan's service, Captain M'Pherson, and an Englishman named Crawford, a singular character, who had nearly forgotten his native language.

At Bhawulpoor we heard of an European being in a caravanserai, and immediately sent him an invitation to join us. He proved to be Monsieur Benoir Argoud, Capitaine d'Infanterie, who had arrived here from Lahore: he was a red-hot republican; and, after we had risen from table, the good things of which had a little overtaken him, continued half the night shouting out "Liberty! Equality! and Saint Simonianism!" Early the next morning he broke into my apartment and exclaimed "it was seven o'clock, and that I must instantly rise, as the battle of Wagram had been fought, and his father killed at it, before that hour!" To crown all, Monsieur announced himself to be *en route* for Cabool to join Dost Mahommed Khan, and constrain him to raise the green shirt of the Prophet, and attack these canaille the Sikhs; being determined, as a preliminary part of his plan, to plant potatoes for the subsistence of the troops. We concluded Monsieur to be mad; but, as Fanny Kemble says of the Americans, "it might be otherwise;" and the question of "How comed you so?" would in this instance also have led to the explanation of the whole affair. Monsieur Argoud too had method in his madness, for he made out his journey safely to Cabool by the Bolan Pass and Candahar, not a very easy thing; and afterwards, when I had the honour of again meeting him, he told me that he had "saved himself from death, *with the sword over his head!*" by ejaculating the Mahommedan "Kuluma," or creed, of there being but one God, and Mahommed was his prophet.

We were however witnesses, shortly after these amusing scenes, of a real conversion, in the person of one of Dr. Lord's grooms; who, becoming dissatisfied with Hindooism and its dogmas, resolved to become a Mahommedan. This happened at Chacher, opposite Mittuncote, where the peer, a sleek but burly Moollah, named Khodah Bukhsh, has the reputation of working miracles, and the more certain merit of keeping a school for children. Sundry messages and interviews passed between the parties: but the priest stood in awe of us, and declined to officiate without our sanction. On our interrogating the man as to his reasons, he affirmed that it was a voluntary act on which he had resolved for some time; and as we felt that we had no right to oppose his intention, Lieutenant Leech and myself determined to be present at the ceremony. We found an assemblage of about 150 persons, sitting in great solemnity and quietness under a grass shed, the ground being laid with mats. Here, after a few complimentary words, we saw the Hindoo Mankoo admitted into the bosom of Islam; and his name changed to the more euphonious one of "Shekh Deen Mahomed." Before the ceremony, the priest, bringing him to the front, repeated, in three distinct sentences, the Mahommedan creed; and the quondam Hindoo followed him, word by word, without a trip: whereupon the assembly shouted out their "Moobahik," or congratulations; and the affair ended with a feast. This conversion will not satisfy a Christian; nevertheless, it is no small step to advance from Hindooism, its superstitions and abominations, to Mahommedanism, even with all its imperfections and absurdities. From that day this man became one of the "people of the book," and was exalted in worldly station and religious truth. The priest at Chacher is a man of influence in these parts, and I believe of respectability; his family once held Mittun, in which place are the tombs of his ancestors. Lately, when the Sikhs were descending the Indus, the Ameers sent to implore his blessing. He replied, "It is unnecessary, they will not advance,"—a guess founded on a knowledge of circumstances, and which, as it proved true, has vastly increased the saint's reputation. He however rebuked the Sindians for their neglect of their own interests; and told them that, although the world was governed by fate (tukdeer), it was governed also by arrange-

ment (tudbeer), and that they should not have lost sight of this, but should have prepared their troops.

On the 22d we set sail from Mittuncote, and took leave of Bhawul Khan's officers. The Kahn promised to send me the history of his tribe, and this promise he fulfilled by transmitting a long and elaborate account of it, concluding with an enumeration of *all his own successes in hunting*. In return for this production he requested me to give him an orrery, which at a subsequent period I forwarded to him, and in the mean time I sent him a splendid drawing of Medina, executed by our draftsman, Mr. Gonsalvez, to match one which he had of Mecca. I have hitherto omitted to introduce to my readers this very useful member of our party.

Don José, for I must give him titles which, if not inherited, were readily accorded to him by every one, was a Portuguese, a native of Goa, and educated at the Propaganda of that city. His forte was music, to which he added the sister accomplishment of drawing. Besides his own language he knew some Latin, a little French, and spoke tolerable English: in fact, he did high honour to the city of Albuquerque, and could sympathize with his illustrious countryman Camöens, when far from home. His heart he had left behind him, but not his good spirits, and his gay disposition and musical talents often enlivened us whilst on the Indus, and when the snows of Hindoo Koosh were frowning over us. The guitar was the Don's favourite instrument, but sometimes he played on the accordion, and would give us "Home, sweet Home" in our own native tongue, a "Ca ira" in French, a loyal air in Portuguese, or the merrier accompaniment to his own fandango. Altogether Don José Gonsalvez was a very original character, and a vast favourite with us all: during the day he laboured with industry and attention at his proper calling of draftsman; and, when invited to join us after dinner, never failed to enliven the evening. He is, I believe, still in Bombay; and, if this page meets his eye, I hope he will consider it as written with sincere good wishes for his future success, and accept my congratulations at his safe return to his senhora.

At Mittun we were joined by the officers of Runjeet Sing, and were received by them with all that pomp and distinction which he is accustomed to bestow on his visitors. Money, confections, &c., were brought to us, and Hurree Sing, an old acquaintance, was appointed our Mihmandar. This functionary's first present to us was a ram with six horns, which I at first thought he meant should be typical of something or other, but it appeared that he merely brought it as a *lusus naturæ* which he had no doubt would be highly prized. We did not find Mittuncote, although so favourably situated in a geographical point of view, at all suited for an emporium of trade. The country was low, and liable to be flooded. There is a place of some antiquity west of this, called Aguee, and the mound on which Mittuncote stands has the appearance of great age. Hurund, near Dajel, which stands inland from this point, is believed to derive its name from Huree, one of the slaves of Alexander.

From Mittun upwards all was novelty to us: we were on an unexplored river, which had never been navigated by Greeks or Britons, and it was problematical how far we could ascend. The inundation had now fairly set in, and the river consequently was somewhat rapid and looked large; but I am satisfied, after careful observation, that the Indus is a much fuller river in its upper than in its lower course; as in the latter it is diminished by drainage for cultivation, as well as by evaporation. Above the confluence of the Indus and Chenab the country was already in part under water, and the sedgy plants show that the soil is very humid. In the inundation the waters tend towards the west. The subject of the discharge of the Punjab rivers, as well as the Indus, was carefully attended to by Lieutenant Wood, whilst Doctor Lord bestowed a good deal of care in ascertaining the quantity of silt held in solution in the water of these rivers, and the nature of it. It was found to be composed of silex, alumine, carbonate of lime, and a small pro-

portion of vegetable matter. The result is thus given by Doctor Lord in his "Memoir on the Plain of the Indus:"—

"To make the quantity of water discharged round numbers, let us assume 300,000 cubic feet as the mean discharge per second. Let us take $\frac{1}{500}$, which is less than the experiments warrant, as the proportion of silt. This being a proportion by weight, let us take the specific gravity of silt at 2; which, being that of silica, is probably not far from the truth. The proportion by measure then will be $\frac{1}{1000}$; and from these premises it will follow that, for the seven months specified, the river discharges 300 cubic feet of mud in every second of time; or a quantity which, in that time, would suffice to form an island 42 miles long, 27 miles broad, and 40 feet deep; which (the mean depth of the sea on the coast being 5 fathoms) would consequently be elevated 10 feet above the surface of the water. Any person who chooses to run out this calculation to hundreds and thousands of years will be able to satisfy himself that much may be done by causes at present in action towards manufacturing deltas."

A run of eight days brought us to Dera Ghazee Khan, for the southerly winds continued strong and favourable. It is said that Amrou wrote to the Caliph Omar that Egypt presented in succession the appearance of a field of dust, a fresh-water sea, and a flower-garden. Dust we had in Lower Sinde in abundance; a fresh-water sea we now encountered, as we often could not see from bank to bank; but, as we had as yet beheld nothing but high grass and tamarisk, we presumed that we had to look forward to Cabool for the flower-garden. On our voyage we passed Noushera Raik, the ferry of Juttooee, and Sheroo; but these are inland, and can only be seen from the mast-head, their position being marked by the trees which are near them. The river is divided into many channels, but we made our way without a pilot through a scene of wearisome monotony. At two P.M. the river had a temperature of 84°, whilst that of the air was 108°. On the evening of our arrival the wind blew from the south long after sunset, and was oppressively sultry. We could not dine without tatties (cooled screens), nor did they reduce the temperature below 94°. The climate, as may be imagined, was oppressive. The sun rose like a globe of intense fire, and threw forth a scorching heat as long as it remained above the horizon. Sickness, chiefly fever, overtook many of our people, but their complaints were no doubt aggravated by the state of inactivity in which they were compelled to remain whilst in the boats, and by the over-feeding to which the liberality of the chiefs had given occasion.

It will be necessary to give a brief description of the tract we had now entered, as, from many considerations, it is one of considerable interest. The country on the right bank of the Indus, below the salt range and to the point where that river is joined by the waters of the Punjab, is known by the name of Derajat. It is so designated from the two principal towns in the tract, Dera Ghazee Khan and Dera Ismael Khan; Derajat being the Arabic plural of the word Dera. The lower part bears the local name of Sinde, and the upper that of Damun (or border) from its bordering on the mountains of Soleeman. The country itself is flat, and in many places fertile, particularly in the vicinity of the two Deras; but to the westward of the river, even at the distance of only a few miles, there are no wells, and the soil is entirely dependent on rain, and on the water from the hills, without which there is no crop. On the opposite bank of the river, in Leia, the Indus overflows to the east, and the land, which is exceedingly rich, yields heavy crops, and is known by the name of "Cuchee." From Leia the great ferry of Kaheeree conducts the traveller beyond the Indus into Derajat, where the mountains are crossed by caravan routes which lead to Cabool and Candahar; and as it is here that the greatest of the Indian caravans assemble before passing to the west, the Derajat is invested with a high degree of commercial importance.

From Calcutta by Lucknow, Delhi, Hansee, and Bhawulpoor—from Bombay by Pallee, Becaneer, Bhawulpoor, and Mooltan—from Umritsir by Jung and Leia—and from Dera Ghazee Khan itself on the south by Bhawulpoor—all these routes

join at the small town of Derabund, about 30 miles west of Dera Ismael Khan. At this point commences the well-known road by Goomul river to the pass of Goolairee, which is always traversed by the Lohanee Afghans. Some of these people enter the mountains higher up, west of Tak, and also by an inferior pass, named "Cheree," lower down; but all these routes eventually unite about 45 miles from Derabund. The Lohanee Afghans are a pastoral and migratory people, and many of them proceed annually into India, to purchase merchandise; and assembling here towards the end of April, and being joined by their families who have wintered on the banks of the Indus, they pass into Khorasan, where they remain during the summer. They effect this change of residence in a fixed order by three divisions, or "hirees," which term, I believe, simply means migrations; and these kirees bear the respective names of Nusseer, Kharoutee, and Meeankhyl, which are also the names of the branches of the tribes conducting them. The first is the most numerous, and with it go from 50,000 to 60,000 head of sheep; but it is with the last that the Hindoo merchants and foreigners generally travel. The extensive nature of the traffic is proved by the custom-house books, which show that 5140 camels laden with merchandise passed up this year, exclusive of those carrying the tents and baggage of the people, which are rated at the enormous number of 24,000 camels; the Nusseer having 17,000, the Meeankhyl 4000, and the Kharoutee 3000. The tract which they pass leads by broken, rugged roads, or rather by the water-courses of the Goomul, through the wild and mountainous country of the Wuzeerees; but the Lohanees have arms and numbers to protect their own property and that of the strangers who accompany them. They all reach Cabool and Candahar by the middle of June, in sufficient time to despatch their investments to Bokhara and Herat; and at the end of October, as winter approaches, they again descend, with the same arrangement, into the plain of the Indus, bringing horses, dyes, fruits, and the productions of Cabool, in return for the goods of India and Britain. This channel of trade is ancient; for we find that in A. D. 1505 the Emperor Baber states that, when campaigning in the Derajat, he had fallen in with Lohanee merchants and plundered them of "a great quantity of white cloth, aromatic drugs, sugar (both candied and in powder), and horses," which are the self-same articles in which the trade is now carried on. It is due to the Emperor to state that if, during his own difficulties, he plundered these Lohanee merchants, he afterwards, when firmly established on the throne of Cabool, clothed them in dresses of honour.

Having given the routes of the Lohanee caravan, I ought to note also the whole of the other roads leading from India to Cabool; but it would be difficult to do so clearly by a mere verbal description. There are three great roads leading from India: the first, by Lahore and Attock, the second from the Derajat (already described), and the third by the Bolan Pass, from Shikarpoor to Candahar. Intermediate to these lines there are also various routes, some or which have been used even by large bodies of armed men; but they are not at present traversed by merchants. The one leading from Dera Ghazee Khan, across the Sukhee Surwur Pass, by Boree to Candahar, has been used in modern times by the kings of Cabool, to obtain the luxury of mangoes; and I met persons who had seen the fruit arrive by it at Candahar from the Indus in eight or nine days. The climate of Boree is described in very favourable terms, not only by Mr. Elphinstone, but by all the natives I have interrogated on the subject; and it was by this route that Baber passed up to Ghuzni with his army after the campaign of 1505, already alluded to. His horse suffered from the want of grain; but, as a caravan route, this seems not to be inferior to the Golairee Pass, and to have been deserted only of late years; indeed at the present time it is used by couriers (cassids) to bring speedy information to and from India. From Dera Ismael Khan, north to Peshawur, there is no direct traffic. The roads are bad and the people predatory. To Cabool, however, there is a good road by the Koorum river. From Dera Ghazee Khan, south to Dajel and Hurrund, there are roads leading over low hills to Bagh,

Dadur, and the Bolan Pass: these have been used by large caravans within the last twenty-five years. Dera Ghazee Khan, indeed, and Shikarpoor, as I have already stated, are always spoken of by the people as the two "Gates of Khorasan."

From a neighbourhood so advantageously situated the merchant exports the native productions of the soil with profit; and the manufacturer converts them and the imports from other countries into cloth, which accompanies the foreign goods that pass through for consumption in the interior. Dera Ghazee Khan itself is a manufacturing town, but it is surpassed by Mooltan and Bhawulpoor, which are in its neighbourhood. At one time its trade with the west, and even with the east, was brisk; and though, from the great influx of British goods, it does not now exhibit its former prosperity, its native manufactures are still healthy and thriving. It is celebrated for its goolbuddens and durriees, or striped and plain silken cloths, which, being much sought for and admired, are annually exported to Lahore and Sinde, and are there considered to surpass those of every other country. To the east it sends its silks, the raw material being obtained from Bokhara and the west. To the west it sends its cotton and a coarse white cloth, which is the most important of its exported manufactures, and is sought after in Khorasan, where it yet stands its ground in competition with English cloth, as far at least as demand goes, for it is much inferior in quality. The demand for British calicoes has decreased this year by one-half; last year the sales effected amounted to 50,000 rupees, and this year it is under 24,000. Chintzes of different descriptions, with soosees, bafta, and some coarse loongees, complete the list of manufactured cloths: there are none made of wool. The value of all the cloths made here may amount to about one and a half or two lacs of rupees; and the greater part is exported. A coarse kind of cutlery, swords, scissors, and knives, such as are used by sailors, is also made at Dera Ghazee Khan, and exported. The bazar consists of about 1600 shops, 530 of which are engaged in weaving and selling cloth. The town has a prosperous appearance, which is altogether attributable to the protection afforded it by Monsieur Ventura, who was lately in charge of the district. The population is about 25,000. It is said to have been built by a Beloochee about 300 years ago; and its name long fluctuated between "Ghazee Khan" and "Hajee Khan." It was formerly subject to the crown of Cabool, but fell into the hands of the Sikhs about twenty-five years ago. They farmed it to Bhawul Khan, who had no interest in protecting it, and his officers were guilty of the grossest extortions; but since 1832, when it was resumed by the Sikhs, it has greatly recovered itself.

The land around Dera Ghazee Khan is very rich: the town is pleasantly situated in a flat country about four miles from the Indus, and is surrounded by gardens and lofty trees, among which the date predominates. It is said, indeed, that around Dera there are no less than 80,000 date trees. By far the most valuable production of the place is indigo, 2000 maunds of which were this year exported to the west; and I am informed that this is about as much as the district can produce. The best sort now sells for sixty-five rupees per maund, that of medium quality for fifty, and the worst for thirty-two: this export alone amounts to about one lac of rupees in value. The dye is inferior to that procured in Bhawul Khan's country; but it is cheaper, and has a ready sale in Cabool and Bokhara, besides being nearer at hand. The cotton of Dera Ghazee Khan is of a superior quality, being soft in staple; 25,000 maunds are procurable: it is at present exported. Sugar is cultivated, but in small quantities, and only of late years. The place is rich in grain; the wheat and barley are excellent, but the rice is red, and of a poor quality. The price of grain in June, 1837, was as follows, the currency being that of Shooja-ool-Moolk, and much the same as that of Shikarpoor already detailed:—

	Rupees
Rice, per maund of 40 seers, 80 rupees to a seer	3
Rice, 2nd sort, 1½ maund	2 to 1¾
Wheat, 1½ maund	1
Grain, 70 seers	1

	Rupees.
Dale, or mohree, 2 maunds	1
Moong, or mash, 50 seers	1
Ghee, per maund	8½
Oil, per maund	4
Salt, per ruja, or piece of 1 maund, 25	3¾
Native salt, 2 maunds	1
Goor, or molasses	3½
Sugar-candy, per maund	16

Under Cabool, Dera Ghazee Khan yielded a yearly revenue of about twelve lacs of rupees; it now produces eight and a half or nine lacs, and that only within the two or three last years. The country which gives this income includes the district of Sungur on the north, and Hurund Dajel on the south; also Cuchee, across the Indus. The revenue is farmed to the same person who is now Governor of Mooltan, and is improving daily. The villages around Dera Ghazee Khan are exceedingly numerous: they are nearly all peopled by Mahommedans; and in the town of Dera Ghazee Khan itself the two tribes are about equal, there being in it 125 Hindoo temples, and 110 mosques, great and small, every description of religious buildings being included in that number. Dera Ghazee Khan communicates with all countries around it by good roads, except those to the west, which have no claim to commendation. A list of the marts or places of note to which they lead may not be useless:—Asnee, Hurund, Cutch Gundava, Mittun, Shikarpoor, Bhawulpoor, Khyrpoor, Ullah, Yan, Hydrabad, Mooltan, Lahore, and Umritsir.

I will conclude my account of this place by an enumeration of the different classes of shops in the bazar, which I deem to be somewhat curious as a statistical document.

List of the shops in the Bazar of Dera Ghazee Khan, on the Indus.

	No. of Shops.
Sellers of cloth,	115
Sellers of silk,	25
Weavers of white cloth,	128
Weavers of silk,	112
Cleaners of cotton,	25
Sellers of cotton,	17
Dealers in grain,	219
Boot and shoe makers,	55
Do. Hindoo,	25
Cap-makers,	15
Tailors,	50
Butchers,	15
Dealers in vegetables,	40
" in fruit,	32
" in milk,	30
Confectioners,	75
Cooks,	40
Hukeems,	10
Grocers—passaree,	30
Dealers in ivory, glass, &c.—mamgur,	30
Blacksmiths.	45
Coppersmiths,	25
Jewellers,	60
Cutlers,	12
Turners,	9
Shroffs,	30
Saddlers,	20
Washermen,	50
Painters,	15
Dealers in tobacco and bang,	30

	No. of Shops.
Dealers in salt and "maté,"	12
Pipe-sellers,	18
Paper-sellers,	18
Shops shut up, and consequently unknown,	165
Total,	1597

CHAPTER IV.

Battle between the Afghans and Sikhs—Departure from Dera Ghazee—Baber's routes—Voyage upwards—Sungur—Gurung—Dera Ismael Khan—Bazars, &c.—Corps de ballet—Donna of the Indus—Voyage to Kala Bagh—Romantic country—Kussooree hills—Singular formation—Villages—Sooleeman range.

On the 1st of June, and whilst at Dera Ghazee Khan, despatches of a late date, and of an important nature, reached me from our ambassador in Persia, Sir John Macneil; and on the following day further intelligence arrived from Peshawur, by which we learned that a battle had taken place between the chief of Cabool and the Sikhs, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, in which the Sikh general was slain. There appeared, therefore, every reason to fear that these countries would shortly be in a very disturbed state; and, weighing deliberately the instructions under which I was acting, I did not deem it advisable to tarry much longer at Dera Ghazee. I accordingly sailed from that place on the 5th of June; and at the same time Dr. Lord and Lieutenant Leech passed over to Mooltan, where they gathered much important information; and, although they experienced some difficulties, their stay there was by no means disagreeable. The difficulties which they met at Mooltan, and the neglect which we had to complain of at Dera Ghazee, all arose from the same cause. It had been arranged that Captain (now Colonel) Wade should meet us at Mittun: this he had not been enabled to do, the Lion of Lahore, who did not altogether relish our political measures on the Indus, having detained him at his capital.

Observing that Baber states that, after his campaigns in Bungush and Bunnoo, he passed up to Ghuzni by Choteealee, it appeared to me certain that he must have taken the road of Sukhee Surwur, and I therefore sent Lieutenant Leech to explore it. He proceeded to the mountains called "Kala roh," and found the road a mere pathway, and much molested by robbers; and from subsequent information we learned that these routes to the west of the Indus are rendered impracticable, even more from the poverty of the country than from the badness of the roads. It would also appear to be imprudent to use them for the passage of armies, after Baber's statement that he lost many of his horses in the attempt.

In the neighbourhood of Sukhee Surwur, a kind of argillaceous earth, called "maté," is found and exported to India, where it is used in baths and to cleanse the hair.

On the 8th we anchored above Deradeen Punna; we passed Leia on the 9th, Gurung on the 11th, Kaheeree ferry on the 13th, and moored off Dera Ismael Khan on the 16th: thus performing a voyage of about 200 miles in eleven days, the wind being fair all the way, although the weather was squally, with rain,

thunder, and lightning. We frequently sailed at the rate of four and five miles an hour against the stream, and at a time when the inundation was at its height. If we were enabled to do this by the force of the wind alone, what could not steam achieve? The birds—a kind of tern—which hover in flocks over the banks of the river, are a good guide to the navigator. These birds are always to be seen near spots where the river is washing away its banks, and where they pick up slugs; and thus the rapid parts of the stream may be descried from a distance and avoided.

The first district in ascending this portion of the Indus is Sungur. It is a fertile tract, lying under the hills about fifty miles north of Dera Ghazee. Water runs down upon it by a rivulet from the hills, and the harvest is so plentiful that a part of the produce is exported. Manglote is the name of the fort in Sungur, and Taösa is a village in it. We found nine boats loading at the ferry, and about ten miles higher up we halted on a bank which had all the appearance of an English park. The trees, it must be confessed, were babool, but they were lofty and clear of underwood, so that we could see far through them over a green sward. They would afford abundance of firewood, which may some day prove of use. At Gurung, which succeeds Sungur, and is within four miles of the river, the cultivators of the land came in crowds to see us. They were Beloochees of the Kolaichee tribe, but I found that the rest of the population were chiefly Mahommedan Juts. There were also some Koreeshee Mahommedans, and a few Hindoos. Their subjection to the Sikhs is complete, and newly-built Sikh temples are to be seen in several places, which testify their power. The people complained bitterly of the want of money, the collectors having sent out of the country all that they possessed. Their rulers would not consent to take the revenue in kind, but insisted on payment in cash, and this formed the grand subject-ground of grievance. I have heard similar complaints in the British provinces, and indeed the deterioration of our revenue may be traced to this cause. These people informed me that their crops were for the most part obtained by irrigation; the water being drawn, not from the Indus, but from the hills. This is also the case at Sungur, as I have already mentioned. Gurung is watered by the Vahova; the Rumal irrigates the country near Dera Ismael; and, higher up, the Goomal serves the same purpose, the whole of it being expended before it reaches the Indus. The crops consist of wheat, barley, and juwaree: rice is not produced.

Our camp was soon pitched at the ferry of Dera Ismael, and the Governor invited us to proceed to the town, which is about three miles inland. It was at this ferry that we first noticed a description of boat called "dugga," differing from the rounded "zohruk," and which we were informed was the only craft suited to the rocky part of the river above Kala Bagh. They have a large prow and stern, which protect them when driven on shore with violence, as they frequently are. A zohruk exposed to the same danger would, to use the phrase of the natives, be certain to "split her breast." In the evening, whilst loitering near the ferry, I watched the lights floating down the river—offerings made by the people to the stream—pleasing emblems of devotion, which twinkled for a while and were lost for ever. I saw here also a strong instance of devotion of another kind in the behaviour of a deer belonging to one of our own people. The animal was so thoroughly tamed, that it even followed its owner into the river, and swam after him. It was strange to witness in a creature so timid, and in general so afraid of water, nature thus conquered by affection. The ferry presented a bustling scene—the whole town crowded to it, and the Hindoos swam about on red skins in their forbidden river with great dexterity. I had never seen the race *take to the water* so readily before. They have benefited by the change of masters, and have therefore become cheerful and elated.

Of all the towns in this district Dera Ismael Kahn ranks next in importance to Dera Ghazee; but it is only a third of its size, and, from its position, labours under many disadvantages. About twelve years ago the town was washed into

the Indus, and on a new site, about three miles from the river, the inhabitants have again fixed themselves. Until lately the place was held by an Afghan chief, to whom the Sikhs assigned it in *perpetuity*, after a brave and memorable resistance. A year ago they forcibly repossessed themselves of it on the fictitious plea of strengthening Peshawur; whereas, in reality, the places have no connection with one another, being separated by the Khuttuk country, which is strong and mountainous, and only pervious to a large force, although there is a gun-road through it. The new town of Dera Ismael is laid out with order and regularity, having wide streets and a good bazar; but it is unfinished, and the present rulers are not likely to carry out the plans of its founder. The houses are of sun-burnt brick. The town when we saw it had a deserted look, but it is said to be a place of much life and bustle in the winter, when the Afghans return to its neighbourhood from Khorasan. There is a large caravanserai in it, where they transact business and dispose of their goods, as this is their bazar-town. The fruits of Cabool were to be had in abundance, and were excellent. The bazar contains 518 shops; but there are no native manufactures here as in Lower Dera. The transit of coarse white cloth from the Punjab is great, the annual quantity sometimes amounting to 1,800,000 yards, or 3000 camel-loads. The revenues of Dera Ismael exceed four and a half lacs of rupees, and are derived from the town itself, and from the country extending to Puharpoor north, and Derabund west, including Koye, Kolaichee, and the tributary district of the Eesa Khyl. Grain and the necessaries of life are more expensive than in Dera Ghazee, although supplies are received by the river from Marwut, which is a grain country to the north-west.

On the 20th of June I was joined by Captain Mackeson, the British agent for the navigation of the Indus, with whom I had much conversation on the commercial prospects by the river, and as to the advantages of establishing a fair on its banks. I give, in an appendix (*vide* Appendix No. 1), the result of the inquiries which I made, together with my own views on this very important subject, which appears to me to demand much more attention that has hitherto been accorded to it. Had a more active part been taken some years ago in extending our commercial relations in this quarter, we might, perhaps, by means of our manufactures, have successfully coped with our rivals, and been spared the necessity of using our arms beyond the Indus. That great geographer, D'Anville, however, used to congratulate himself on the certainty of distant wars adding to our geographical knowledge; and there can be no doubt that foreign conquest tends to produce this effect more rapidly than the slow progress of commerce.

A messenger here reached us, bearing an extremely kind letter from Runjeet Sing. It was full of his usual professions, and was accompanied by some half-dozen orders (purwanus) which would insure us attentions we had not hitherto received from some of his subordinates. Everything now went on merrily; but his Highness's parade of the extent of his kingdom, which he stated in his letter to extend from Ladak to Omercote, showed his fears that the British government had some intention of clipping his wings. These fears were, however, totally without foundation.

On the 2d of July, Doctor Lord and Lieutenant Leech rejoined us from Mooltan; and the corps de ballet, from Dera Ismael, came down to do us honour and show their accomplishments to the five Firingees. The number of these young ladies was very considerable, and they displayed a profusion of ornaments which I had not before seen, and which we all agreed were in bad taste. These women use antimony in the eye, the effect of which extends beyond the organ, and gives to it the shape of an almond: indeed, it is called "badam-chusm," or almond-eye; and, strange as the assertion may appear, the effect produced is certainly good. Some of them wore necklaces of cloves, and one young lady had adorned her neck with a pod of musk, the scent of the deer. She was the Hebe of Dera, and bore the name of Mulam Bukhsh: although dark, she was extremely handsome, and elicited loud applauses from the citizens of Dera Ismael, who pronounced her to be

"the Donna of all the Indus." Among the company present was the young son of the Governor, whose intelligent and beautiful countenance interested us all greatly.

From this place I addressed a letter to the chief of Cabool, enlarging on the advantages of peace; and on the 3d of July we again embarked on the Indus, and reached Kala Bagh at three P.M. on the 13th, not without adventures on our route. On the third day after our departure from Mooltan we closed with the hills of Khussooree below Beloote, on the right bank, and had a romantic sail along their base to Keree, where we halted. A sheet of verdure, covered with palms and other trees, now and then separated us from these hills. The landscape was striking—bare, brown, and bleak rocks overlooked the plain; their summits crowned with the ruins of infidel forts (Kaffir Killa); intermixed with which were some Hindoo pagodas, blackened by age, and now deserted. We landed to examine these buildings, and thought the locality well suited to the taste of sequestered men. The formation of the hills was limestone, with flints and fossil shells thickly embedded in it, some of which were very curious, as sea-weed could be distinctly traced upon them. On the next day, the 7th of July, we passed Sheenee, sailing literally among date-trees: for many of them had been, by the invasion of the stream, detached from the land; and the labour and difficulty of tracking was, in consequence of this, extremely great. The heat was most oppressive during the day, the reflection from the bare hills augmenting the effects of a sultry atmosphere; and even during the night the temperature was so high that not one of us could sleep. At dawn of the 8th the thermometer stood at 90°. We pushed off at once, and crossed, during the day, to the opposite shore; as the Khussooree hills, which are here very steep, and in some places almost perpendicular, pressed in close upon the river. Lieutenant Wood, however, subsequently surmounted these difficulties by the aid of the Eesa Khyl Afghans, who were most friendly towards us. From the eastern side of the river the view of these mountains was very imposing, the absence of ruggedness in their outlines giving them the appearance of a vast fortress formed by nature, with the Indus as its ditch. On the right side of the river we found a secure and permanent bank, some forty feet high, with fixed villages on it, and small forts differing from the reed houses, lower down. Herds and flocks were numerous, and the sheep appeared to thrive on the furze of the thull, or dry country. We got into a still branch of the Indus, called Bumberwah, and made rapid progress, passing the villages of Kolla, Koondee, Rokree, Moje, and Daöd Khyl, and at length arrived at Kala Bagh. Long before we reached it we saw the crevice through which the Indus issued. The salt range to our right, which is here called "Soah-Roh," looked well, and stood out with a bold, well-defined outline in the transparent sky, which had been cleared by the recent rains. The Takht, or throne, of Sooleeman, with its table summit, was also a grand object in our rear. The people flocked about us; and the women—stout, sturdy dames, unveiled—begged us to buy their melons and vegetables. The men were also on a large scale, bony and muscular. The dress, too, had changed—the females wearing loose trousers falling down in folds that were becoming, and which reminded us of the garb of the Kattees of Kattywar. We became objects of special curiosity, for a dozen boats had never been seen here; and the appearance of a Firingee camp, with its novel paraphernalia, I doubt not, yet marks an era in the annals of these people. They all took to the water like amphibious beings, and swam to our boats on inflated skins, coming down to see us always skin in hand. As we approached Kala Bagh the water of the river became much clearer, and ere we crossed to that town we could see the rounded pebbles at the bottom: an agreeable contrast to the muddy Indus of the lower countries.*

* Lieutenant Wood's extremely valuable report on the River Indus is given at the end of the volume, Appendix ii.

CHAPTER V.

Our critical position—State of the country—Influence of the Sikhs—The Euzoofzyes and their Chief—Plain of Peshawur—Futtighur—The Khuttuks—Kala Bagh—Eesa Khyl Afghans—The Wuzarees—Ascent of the Indus—Coal deposits—Excessive heat—Duncote—Husn Abdal—Dr. Falconer—Arrival at Attock.

We now found ourselves in the theatre of war, and in a somewhat critical situation. The Sikh garrison at Puharpoor had, shortly before our arrival, been massacred, and the Eesa Khyl Chief, Ahmed Khan, having refused to pay his tribute and do homage, a force of 3000 men and ten guns had arrived from Lahore to reduce him to submission, and was now on the other bank of the river, under the command of Futteh Sing Man. From neither party had we any danger to fear, but it might be difficult to steer a medium course that should not give offence to one or the other. The Eesa Khyl had acted throughout a most friendly part towards us, and some of them were now in our camp, while the drums and fifes, gongs and bugles, of the Sikhs echoed among the mountains within our hearing, and their troops were often in sight. On the 19th the Sikhs began to cross the river, and as the "Ghazees," or champions, were assembled hard by, we thought it advisable to change our quarters to the right bank, and thus escape all chance of molestation. That the reader may understand the state of parties here and higher up the Indus, it becomes necessary that I should give, once for all, a rapid sketch of the power which the Sikhs possess on its western bank.

Their legitimate influence beyond the river may be said to be confined to the plain country, as their authority can only be enforced in the mountains by the presence of an army; and in some of the hilly tracts, even those bordering on the river, as has been seen, the Mahommedans can successfully resist it. It is, however, the strength of their country, and not their military power, which enables them to cope with the Sikhs. The low country, on the other hand, is under complete subjection to Lahore: the Derajat is without the presence of a regular force, which is, however, necessary in the plain of Peshawur. For six degrees of latitude, from 34° 30′ north down to 28° 30′, on the frontiers of Sinde, the Sikhs have either actual possession of the country west of the river, or exercise some degree of influence over it. An enumeration of the condition of the different petty states will best illustrate these observations.

The most northern territory is that of Poyndu Khan, a Turnowlee or Moghul by descent. This state consisted of a small but rich tract of country eastward of the Moo-seen, as the Indus is here called, in Puklee, yielding yearly about a lac of rupees. Of this the Sikhs have deprived him; but he yet holds the fort of Chuttoorlye, on an island in the Indus about 10 miles north of Derbund, and also a country of about 240 square miles on the west bank. From this tract the Sikhs draw no tribute; and even on the eastern bank they hold their possession with difficulty, Poyndu Khan making continual forays across the river, and carrying off prisoners, on whose ransom he supports himself and his people. He has about 500 horse and 2000 infantry, most of whom are natives of Hindoostan, and wandered into this country during the crusade of Syud Ahmed, who was slain by the Sikhs in 1831.

Next to Poyndu Khan's country, and below Derbund, lies the district of Sittanu, about fifteen miles north of Torbaila. It is held, with a very small river tract, by Syud Akbar, a holy man who is much revered by the Mahommedans in

this country: he has no tribute to pay to the Sikhs, nor are he or his few subjects molested by them.*

Below these petty districts, and less immediately on the Indus, lie the territories of the Euzoofzyes, a numerous and powerful tribe of Afghans, whom the Sikhs control by retaining a regular force cantoned in the plain country north of Attock, between the Indus and river of Cabool. This body of troops is protected from surprise by a fort of some strength, called Jangura, built on the north bank of the river of Cabool, about five miles from the place where it falls into the Indus. The Euzoofzyes are the tribe from which the ruler of Lahore experienced so much opposition in his approaches on Peshawur, and with whom some of his most sanguinary battles were fought. The late Sirdar Huree Sing, who fell in the recent battle of Jumrood, was in the habit of making yearly incursions among the Euzoofzyes, burning their villages and crops, and seizing horses, &c., as tribute. At different times he destroyed the villages of Topee, Minee, Kota, Moonera, and Buree, which belong to the Otmanzye Euzoofzye. From these he used to exact about sixty horses; but, two years since, by mutual agreement, a tax of four rupees per house was fixed in lieu of every demand; and this would not be paid were it not for the presence of a force which overawes them. The sum realized sometimes amounts to sixty thousand rupees. The principal personage among the Euzoofzyes is Futteh Khan, chief of Punjtar, whose territories to the west are bounded by Swat and Hushtnuggur. He has about 1500 foot and 200 horse, besides village (Ooloosee) troops. He occasionally sends presents of horses and hawks, but pays no regular tribute to the Sikhs,† nor will he allow their agent to enter his country. This chieftain has greater means of resisting than his more southern neighbours.

The plain of Peshawur is the most northern of all the actual conquests of the Sikhs west of the Indus. For many years it paid to Lahore an annual tribute of horses and rice; but, in 1834, when Shah Shooja Ool Moolk made the attempt to recover his kingdom by an attack on Candahar, the Sikhs seized upon Peshawur, and have since retained it. It is stated that the Maharajah's design in possessing himself of Peshawur was to counteract the power of the Shah, should he re-establish himself on his throne; but there is reason to believe that his foresight did not extend so far, and that Sirdar Huree Sing, who had long been stationed on the Attock and engaged in incessant wars with the Mahommedans, persuaded him to take the step, against his own better judgment. The policy of the conquest was always dubious: from first to last it has proved a source of much anxiety; and, latterly, a cause of serious disaster. Previous to its conquest Peshawur was held by a branch of the Barukzye family, under Sooltan Mahommed Khan and his brothers, who realized a yearly revenue of upwards of eight lacs of rupees. The assessment under Lahore amounted to ten lacs, and this sum has since been realized by the Mahajarah's officer, Monsieur Avitabile, who fixed it. Only a small portion, however, now reaches the coffers of the Sikhs; for, at the present time, Sooltan Mahommed Khan and his brothers possess jaghires to the amount of four lacs and a half of rupees, and hold Cohat, Hushtnuggur, and the Doaba, the richest portion of the plain. The country of the Khuleels, which yielded about a lac of rupees, is now entirely deserted; and that of the Momunds, which was nearly as valuable, is only half cultivated. Six out of ten lacs are thus abstracted; and besides all this, extensive lands are alienated to religious persons, a large gar-

* Lieutenant Leech ascended the right bank of the Indus opposite to Derbund, and it is to him that I am indebted for these particulars.

† An agent of this chief waited upon me with a letter, tendering his master's allegiance to the British government, and offering to pay us the usual tribute. Finding his country adjoined Kaffiristan, I made some inquiries regarding it, and the agent immediately offered to commute the tribute of horses into one of an equal number of young Kaffirs, thinking the change of terms would be more acceptable.

rison is kept up, and much additional expense is incurred: so that Peshawur is a drain on the finances of the Lahore state, with the additional disadvantage of being so situated as to lead the Sikhs into constant collision with fierce and desperate tribes, who, were it not for their poverty, would be formidable antagonists. In the city of Peshawur the Sikhs have built a fort on the site of Bala Hissar.—It is strong, and, in the late war, afforded protection to the wealthier inhabitants. They have also strengthened their position by erecting another fort, called Futtihghur, near Jumrood, opposite the Khyber Pass.—It is a square of about 300 yards, protecting an octagonal fort, in the centre of which is a lofty mass of building which commands the surrounding country. This fort is dependent on the mountain streams for its water, which the Afghans can and do dam up. At the time of our visit they were sinking a well, which they had carried to the depth of 170 feet without coming to water; but, from the indications in the soil, it was expected to be soon reached, and has since, I am informed, been obtained, but not in abundance. Even with these defences the position will be a troublesome one, as both the Afreedes and Khyberees consider it meritorious to injure the Sikhs.

Between the plain of Peshawur and the salt range at Kala Bagh lies the country of the Khuttuks and Sagree Afghans. The Khuttuks are divided into the petty chieftainships of Acora and Teree. Acora is situated east of the plain of Peshawur, on the river of Cabool; and as its chief, Hussun Khan, serves the Sikhs, he is permitted to retain his country. Those Khuttuks of Acora, however, who live in the hills, are not subject to Runjeet Sing. The southern division, under the chief of Teree, maintains its independence, in so far, at least, as refusing to pay a direct tribute; although it acknowledges the supremacy of Sooltan Mahommed Khan, who is but a servant of the Sikhs. When Peshawur was first captured, a Sikh officer was stationed at Cohat and Bungush; but he found it impossible to keep the country in order, and it has since been wisely confided to the intermediate government of the ex-chief of Peshawur: by this means a small tribute of about 1000 rupees per annum is drawn from Teree, in the plain of Bungush, which lies westward of the Khuttuk country. Below the Khuttuks are the Sagree Patans, a tribe entirely independent of the Sikhs: they hold the country on the west bank for nearly thirty miles above Kala Bagh; and also on the opposite shore as high as the plain which commences at Husn Abdal: they are shepherds, and their flocks are numerous. It will therefore be seen that from Attock to Kala Bagh the Sikhs have little or no power along the line of the Indus. The inhabitants, during the last campaign, resisted the ascent from Kala Bagh of the boats which were required for the construction of a bridge, till Sooltan Mahommed Khan interceded; and had the Sikhs met with further reverses at Jumrood, the Khuttuks were ready to have attacked them on their retreat to Attock, as they passed the defile of Geedur Gullee. The number of the Khuttuk tribe is variously stated at from 6000 to 8000 armed men.*

The town of Kala Bagh, so famous for its rock-salt, is subject to Lahore, but is held by a native malik, or chief, who pays only 10,000 rupees yearly, though he collects 32,000. The situation of the malik is one of uncertainty and peril; for he is surrounded on all sides by the enemies of the Maharajah, with all of whom he is obliged to live on friendly terms, lest they should injure him when the Lahore troops are withdrawn. Kala Bagh is an important position to the Sikhs, as it is here that their armies cross the river to make inroads and levy tribute upon the tribes of which we shall presently have occasion to speak. The subjection of Kala Bagh is complete.

Following the course of the Indus is the country of the Eesa Khyl Afghans, which extends to within thirty miles of the province of Dera Ismael Khan. It is a strong and mountainous strip of land, and its valley abounds in water, and is

* Lieutenant Wood passed through the country of the Khuttucks and Sagrees, and it is on his authority that I am enabled to state the precise condition of this tract.

well peopled. The Sikhs have, however, approached it from Puharpoor, on the south, and also from Kala Bagh, and exact, pretty regularly, a tribute of 34,000 rupees per annum. To enforce their authority, a detachment was last year stationed in the country: but the whole party were massacred, as I have already stated, during a popular insurrection, and the present chief, Ahmed Khan, who has the character of a humane and good man, has resisted all attempts to replace the detachment, though he acknowledges allegiance to Lahore and agrees to pay tribute. The mountains of Eesa Khyl and Khussor rise so abruptly from the Indus, that, were not the country accessible on other sides, it might make successful resistance; and, in fact, the Eesa Khyls have been lately left to govern themselves without a garrison.

On the other side of Eesa Khyl lies the district of Bunnoo, intersected by the Koorum river, which renders it rich and fertile. It consequently excites the cupidity of the Sikhs; and the Lahore troops have frequently entered the district, and did so last year, exacting from it a tribute of a lac of rupees. They can, however, obtain nothing from it without a large force, and troops are generally sent into it every second year. In the times of the kings, Bunnoo paid a yearly tribute of one lac and 40,000 rupees; and the level and defenceless nature of the country will always enable the most powerful chief in its vicinity to exact something from it. The Sikhs enter Bunnoo by the village of Lukhee, but retain no permanent force in it.

South of Bunnoo lies Murunt. A tribute of 28,000 rupees is exacted from this district; but, as in Bunnoo, an armed force is necessary. It is a country rich in grain, which is sent down the Indus to Dera Ismael Khan.

The district of Tak adjoins the province of Dera Ismael Khan, and, being partly in the plains, has become subject to Lahore. At present, it forms part of the jaghire of the prince, and is farmed for one lac and 20,000 rupees; but the amount realized varies from year to year, although some payment is certain, as a Sikh force is located in the country. The chiefs, for some years, paid a tribute of 100 camels and 25,000 rupees, but they have now left the country and fled to Cabool. The only enemies of which the Sikhs here stand in awe are the Wuzarees, a barbarous tribe of Afghans; who inhabit the mountains to the westward, and sometimes descend into the low country and plunder the inhabitants.

Descending the Indus and passing by Dera Ismael and Dera Ghazee Khan, already described, we next come to Mittun; beyond which lie Hurund and Dajel, which, being late acquisitions from the Brahooees, require a watchful eye. In other respects the Sikh rule is paramount in this country; their Grinth, or holy book, is placed in mosques, and sometimes in temples built expressly for its reception; the cow is a sacred animal; and no Mahommedan raises his voice in praying to his God,—the clearest proofs of conquest, but, at the same time, an inteference so impolitic, that, should a reverse occur westward of the Indus, the subdued and sullen population would, at once, rise *en masse* upon the invaders of their soil, whose position, during a portion of the year, is further endangered by the inundation of the Indus, as, at that time, it cannot be bridged, and is, therefore, with difficulty passed by an army.

From the political I will now pass to the physical geography of these countries. Our object, as I have already stated, had been to ascend the Indus to Attock, and even to Peshawur, but the information which we had lately received held out but little encouragement to us to attempt to do so at this season of the year: nevertheless, on the 16th of July we embarked with a southerly wind, and passing Kala Bagh and its romantic cliffs, stemmed the river merrily to Maree, where, losing the wind, we found the stream too rapid for the track-rope, and were obliged to return. The river was smooth, and, at its narrowest part, about 400 yards in breadth. The water, although the thermometer proved that its temperature was 72°, produced so strong a sensation of cold, that the boatmen who were tracking complained much of it; and the rope having pulled some of them into the river.

one man was picked up benumbed and exhausted. Our failure, however, did not daunt a British sailor like Lieutenant Wood; and, although it now seemed advisable that the mission should prosecute its journey by land, he resolved to stand by his own element as long as there was any prospect of success; accordingly, he set out with a well-manned boat, and reached Sharkee, about one-third of the distance to Attock, when some of his crew left him, and he was obliged to return. He found the river running in a channel of rock, while detached cliffs stood up in the middle of the stream like basaltic pillars, having marks upon them which indicated a rise of the river of 50 and 60 feet above its bed. It is, however, for three or four months only that the upward navigation of the Indus is here interrupted; and the downward passage is open all the year: for Lieutenant Wood, having proceeded by land to Attock, descended the river from that point. In the beginning of May, the Sikhs, having occasion for boats to complete their bridge at Attock, dragged them up from Kala Bagh in twenty-two days, with only fifteen or twenty men in excess of their crews: since then, however, the strength of the current had increased, and the Indus was now rapid, noisy, and dangerous. From Attock we navigated the river of Cabool to Peshawur and Muchnee; and Lieutenant Wood ultimately descended from Jellalabad to the sea, as he has stated at large in his very interesting and able work.

The mineral riches of Kala Bagh—its rock-salt, alum, and sulphur—require no further mention from me; but it is important that I should state that we have commenced a series of inquiries for coal, and that our search was crowned with complete success. It was found close to the town at Shukurdura and Muckud, and, ultimately, in no less than twelve localities, stretching in the direction of Cohat towards Ghuzni, along the salt-range after it has crossed the Indus, and lower down at Kaneegoorum. Lieutenant Wood was also fortunate enough to discover it at three places on the eastern bank,—Joa, Meealee, and Nummul, between Pind Dadun Kahn and Kala Bagh, and at distances from 25 to 50 miles of the river. On both banks the localities in which the coal is found were similar, viz., in deep, dry water-courses, and the channels of winter torrents. Anthracite was also brought by my messengers from Jummo, high up the Chenab; and Dr. Lord procured coal at Kobal, on the north bank of the Oxus. I have not by me the analysis of the coal discovered by Lieutenant Wood; but Mr. James Prinsep, in reporting to government on that found on the western bank, stated that "four of the specimens were, in fact, of the very finest form of mineral coal, that in which all vegetable appearance is lost:" of one of the specimens, a kind of jet, he remarked, "that, if found in sufficient quantities, it would not only answer well as a fuel, but be superior to all other coals for the particular object in getting up steam, from the large proportion of inflammable gas it disengaged under combustion." It is to be hoped that the time is not distant when these discoveries will be turned to good account by the British government; and it is satisfactory to find, even at the present time, the enterprising Parsee merchants of Bombay navigating the Indus by steam as high as Kala Bagh, from which point, by means of land conveyance, they are enabled to supply the wants of Cabool.

Our stay at Kala Bagh now drew to a close, and as the road to Peshawur by Cohat had been already traversed by Mr. Elphinstone, and, moreover, was infested with robbers, we determined to proceed to Attock, up the eastern bank of the river; and accordingly commenced our march on the 22d, heartily glad to get away from Kala Bagh, the heat of which can only be compared to that of an oven. So intense is it, that all the population leave their houses and live under trees on the banks of the river, in which they are perpetually to be seen spinning and amusing themselves. A quarter of the population suffer from goître. We found, however, that as far as related to temperature we had not bettered our condition by leaving the Indus; for at Musan, our first halting-place, the thermometer rose to 115° in a single-poled tent, and in the smaller tents, occupied by our people, it reached to 135°. We lay gasping all day, stretched out beneath tables as a pro-

tection, and at sunset the mercury did not sink below 100°! A week's suffering was, at length, terminated by a violent thunder-storm, which cooled the atmosphere.

Our halting-grounds were at the hamlets of Neekee, Jubbee, and Toote, and thence to Pindee Nurlik Oulia, according to the name given on the maps, but which is more properly called Pindee-Gaib-ne. We had made but little northing in a distance of 51 miles, for all the maps of this district are erroneous, and we had only, as yet, reached the latitude of 33° 10′. Steep ravines and execrable roads brought us, at length, to the Swan river, which we crossed, stirrup deep, at a point near Toote: it was rapid, red, and swollen. Nature seems to have been sportive in this neighbourhood, for the strata run in all directions—soft, red sand lies under hard sandstones, and time has furrowed the hills into peaks of singular irregularity. As we approached Pindee the face of the country changed. We had now an undulating upland moor, nearly destitute of vegetation, and, as I suppose, forming part of the "Chool-i-Julalee," or desert of Julal-e-deen, thus called from the hero of that name who so nobly swam the Indus when pursued by his enemies. Pindee was a cheerful-looking village, and, at the time of our arrival, was enlivened by the presence of Sikh soldiers, who were passing through it to join the force at Kala Bagh. Their commander, Soojet Sing, waited on us and was very civil: we had previously met a regiment of cavalry in the ravines of the Swan river, commanded by Captain Foulkes, an Englishman of high character in the Sikh service. These military movements disconcerted the people, and were considered as proofs of some ulterior designs beyond the Indus.

While in this neighbourhood I ascertained the position of Duncote, the village at which, according to Rennell, Timour crossed the Indus. The correct name is Dingote. It is a small hamlet on the west bank, marked by a bluff mountain, six miles above Kala Bagh. The route from Bunnoo leads down upon it, and not upon Kala Bagh, which circumstance settles the question as to the place of passage.

After remaining an entire day at Gaib-ne, in consequence of the rain, we prosecuted our journey; and, passing Tattee, Kote, and Futtih-jung, at each of which places we halted, and near the last sighted the snowy mountains, we found ourselves once again on beaten ground at Husn-Abdal, where we arrived on the 1st of August, the distance being 52 miles. Until we reached Futtih-jung we had the same sandstone formation as before; but the country was less broken and the road excellent. As we approached Husn-Abdal the vegetation became more abundant, the formation being limestone; and we at last found ourselves among the beautiful but decayed and neglected gardens of this celebrated spot: we pitched our camp by the crystal rivulet, filled our glasses with Burgundy, and drank to the memory of Noor Muhal and to the fame of her immortal poet, Thomas Moore. We were joined here by Dr. Falconer, the superintendent of the botanic garden, who accompanied us to Peshawur, and afterwards proceeded on a scientific tour to Cashmere. The researches of Dr. Falconer, and his able coadjutor Captain Cautley, in the lower Himalaya, and their success in unravelling the mysteries of fossil remains, afford good proof that their time was not wasted in the "happy valley;" and the public may hope, ere long, to profit by their labours.

The intelligence which reached me at Husn-Abdal induced me to quicken our advance to Attock, for which place we set out on the 4th, and arrived on the following day, under a salute from the fortress.

On the banks of the Hurroo, where we halted the first day, we experienced a smart shock of an earthquake, about three P.M., or, in Greenwich time, at six minutes past ten, A.M. It was accompanied by a loud rumbling noise, and the ground vibrated under us. The shock was from the east or north-east, and was succeeded by heavy rain and wind, under which my tent fell upon me, but I scrambled out unhurt.

CHAPTER VI.

Cross the Attock—Khyrabad and fort—Bridge of the Indus—Inscriptions at Hund—Arrival at Peshawur—Reception by General Avitabile—Prince Kurruck Sing—Review of his troops—A Peshawuree's story—Changes by the Sikhs—Curious incident—Arrival at Jumrood—Enter the Khyber Pass—Ali Musjid—Duka—Visit from the chiefs—Customs of the Khyberees—Bassoul—Kuju—Its pomegranates—Gundamuk—Anecdote of Nadir Shah—Hyat—An old friend—A facetious Mooftee—Meet Mr. Masson—Arrival at Cabool—Cordial reception.

We crossed the Attock on the 7th August, and encamped at Khyrabad, on the opposite side: in making the transit the boat rolled and pitched with violence, and one man began to blow into a skin with which he had provided himself, and to invoke his saints. When we had got safely over one of the watermen exclaimed, "The Firingees do not change colour in danger!" Of danger, however, there was more in appearance than in reality. Whilst at Khyrabad we experienced much civility from Runjeet Sing's son, who was stationed at Peshawur. He sent to us ice and fruit, and freely permitted us to examine the fortress, which, in spite of many defects, I found to be a much stronger place than I had expected. I made a trigonometrical admeasurement of the river from the "ab doozd," or sunken sluice, which supplies the garrison with water, to the rock of Kumalia, and found it to be exactly 800 feet wide; afterwards, however, I saw the stream bridged below the fort, and, upon crossing and measuring it, I found that it was only 537 feet broad in that part. The bridge was formed by thirty boats, and the water where it was placed was twelve fathoms deep; but, between that point and Kala Bagh, Lieutenant Wood found it in some places thirty fathoms deep. I sent Lieutenant Leech to Torbaila to examine the fords across the Indus at that place, of which we had heard much; but he found that, although there are fords there, they are not practicable at this season: at an earlier period of the year they are constantly used. Lieutenant Leech ascended higher up the Indus to Drabund, where it is but 100 yards wide, and he returned from thence to Attock on a raft, much pleased with the treatment he received from the Mahommedans. By way of an experiment I sent our heavy baggage up the river of Cabool to Peshawur, under the charge of Mr. Nock, a European surveyor. He found the river rocky near its confluence with the Indus, but quite navigable throughout.

The interesting nature of the district in which we now found ourselves led us to use every possible exertion to obtain information. I had learned from my friend General Court that there were some inscriptions between the Indus and Cabool rivers, and the messengers whom I despatched in that direction soon returned with the fac-simile of a very valuable one from Hund; and a few days afterwards the marbles themselves were sent to me, and have now finally been transferred to the museum of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. The inscription proved to be Sanscrit, and did not long elude the skill of James Prinsep, who lithographed the fac-simile; and, although the marbles had been mutilated, was enabled to translate the most important of the inscriptions. He assigned it to the seventh or eighth century, and, as it refers to the powerful Turuschas (or Turks) as foes overcome by the nameless hero whom it celebrates, it proves the fact of the extension of the Indian rule to this point of the Indus, and the early struggles of that race with the Tartar tribes beyond them. I subjoin the translation.

Translation.

1. . . . blessings; whose kingly and priestly rule even among his enemies spreads.
2. Above his glory goes . . . . . for pleasure . . . . . .

3. . . the powerful flesh-eating *Turushcas*, causing alarm to . . . .
4. . . lavishing bland speech on spiritual superiors and Brahmins without number.
5. Such a prince as attracts all things to him; persevering in the protection of his people.
. . . what in the world is difficult (for him) to accomplish?
6. . . husband of Parbati . . went on a road. . . . . .
7. . . elephant . . whose mothers (?) and fathers' virtue
8. . . endure forages . . . glory and excellence.
9. Virtue . . . . . .
10. Of Deva the great riches, . . rule . . moon.
11. . . . great . . . sun . . living among
12. . . . the cheerful minded; . . . . . .
13. . . . then Seri Tillaka Brahmin . . (shall be made beautiful?)

On the 11th of August we set out for Acora. On our route the Sikh garrison of Jangeera, a fort that stands on the southern bank of the river of Cabool, sent a party to welcome us, and fired a salute. The next day we drove into Peshawur in General Avitabile's carriage, who very kindly came out some miles to meet us, accompanied by a large suite. It afforded me great pleasure to renew my former acquaintance with the chevalier, and letters which I received from his compatriots at Lahore, Messieurs Allard and Court, carried me very agreeably back to former times. Peshawur was indeed changed since my former visit: a French officer now governed it, and certainly in a splendid style, whilst the former chiefs, Sooltan Mohammed and his brothers, came to see me in their fallen state. I found it somewhat difficult to steer through the maze of conflicting parties; but I endeavoured as much as possible to confine my communications to personal matters, and my remembrance of past kindnesses was so strong, that, if I could not meet the wishes of my old friends, I at least took care to point out the causes of my inability.

Our first visit after alighting at the Baghi Wazeer, which was assigned as our residence, was to the Prince Kurruck Sing. His imbecility is such that he can scarcely return an answer to the most simple question; he was, however, extremely obliging; invited us to visit the new fort of Sumungur, which is now building on the ruins of the Bala Hissar, and promises to be, when finished, a place of considerable strength. He also paraded his forces for our inspection, both infantry and cavalry: the first consisted of twelve battalions and twenty guns, and went through its brigade-exercise well. The sight, however, of 12,000 cavalry was much more imposing as they passed in review order before us in the fine plain of Peshawur. The only drawback to the enjoyment of these scenes was the weakness of the poor prince, which was really distressing: he could neither put a question, nor answer one, without being prompted. A Peshawuree told us an amusing anecdote of a half-witted king of Balkh, who was ruled by his minister. On one occasion, when a foreign ambassador was to be presented, the vizier, fearful that his master would commit himself, prevailed on him to allow a string to be tied to his foot, and passed under the carpet in such a manner that the minister might hold the other end; and it was arranged between them that, whenever the vizier pulled, the king was either to speak or to desist from any inappropriate speech. The audience took place: the ambassador spoke; and the king replied; but, alas, the reply was only "Kush mu koonud!!" (he pulls). Again the ambassador spoke, and even more deferentially than before; but again the poor king shouted out "Kush mu koonud! kush mu koonud!" to the unspeakable grief and dismay of his prime minister. "Now," added the Peshawuree, "our prince wants a guide-string as much as the king of Balkh."

I found that the Sikhs had changed everything: many of the fine gardens round the town had been converted into cantonments; trees had been cut down; and the whole neighbourhood was one vast camp, there being between 30,000 and 40,000 men stationed on the plain. Mahommedan usages had disappeared—the sounds of dancing and music were heard at all hours and all places—and the fair Grisis

of the Punjab enchanted the soldiers with varied strains of Hindee, Cashmeree, Persian, and Afghanee. If, however, some things be changed for the worse, others are improved. The active mind of Monsieur Avitabile has done much to improve the town and tranquillize the neighbourhood: he was building fine bazaars and widening streets; nay, that most conclusive proof of civilization, the erection of a gallows, proved how much he had done towards bringing this wild neighbourhood under subjection. The general did not pretend to be guided by European ideas; and although at first his measures appeared to us somewhat oppressive, his proceedings were, I am sure, in the end, more merciful than if he had affected greater lenity. It is quite impossible for me to give an adequate idea of the princely hospitality and unvarying kindness of this gentleman to every one of our nation, and I hope he may soon return to Europe and enjoy his colossal fortune in his native city.

At Peshawur I was told of a signal service performed by an old favourite of mine, a fine iron-gray Toorkumun horse, which had been presented to me by Runjeet Sing. He was by far too splended an animal to suit the appearance of poverty which I then deemed it prudent to assume, and, being constrained to part with him, I gave him to two Moollahs at this place, whose services I was glad thus to reward. They sent him down to their father, who was with Shah Shooja, at Loodiana, and in the defeat which that monarch sustained at Candahar, in 1833, he rode this very horse, and actually owed his life to the speed with which the gallant animal carried him away from the field. I had not anticipated that he was destined for such royal services, and was pleased to find that I had, indirectly, been enabled to render a good office to the king in his misfortunes.

During our residence in Peshawur Dr. Lord, accompanied by Dr. Falconer, proceeded to Cohat to examine its mineral formation; but the people there had metal in their human clay as well as in their earth, and the tone which they assumed, and also the disturbed state of the country, constrained the two geologists to return. Lieutenant Wood, however, passed up by Cohat; and as he had also descended the Indus, he had altogether examined three lines of route. The whole of our party now concentrated themselves at Peshawur, and prepared for an advance on Cabool; and as the thermometer was as 98°, we anticipated an agreeable change. The heat of Peshawur was less than was expected; still it was oppressive, and a constant haze hid the surrounding mountains. The fruits at this season were excellent and extremely grateful to the palate.

On the 30th we took our departure from Peshawur, and were driven by Monsieur Avitabile in his carriage to Jumrood, three miles from the mouth of the Khyber Pass, the scene of the late battle between the Sikhs and Afghans, and where the former were now actively engaged in building the new fort to which I have before alluded, and which has been named "Futtehghur," or the fort of victory, although in reality it was the scene of defeat. The village of Jumrood is in ruins, but is marked by a brick fountain: its little fort is also contemptible, and hence the necessity for erecting the new place of defence: they have chosen for its site an old mound, with which they, as usual, couple traditions of Man Sing; and it is certain that, whilst digging the foundations, coins similar to those obtained at the tope of Manikyala were found. The work was proceeding with great activity, and, as each Sikh commander had a portion assigned to him, it would soon be finished. The position is ill chosen, inasmuch as its supply of water is uncertain.

We found our situation at Jumrood by no means agreeable. The deputation sent to escort us through the Khyber Pass had not arrived; and although some months had elapsed since the battle, the effluvia from the dead bodies, both of men and horses, were quite revolting. Some camel-keepers who had left the place the day after our arrival, escorted by a few soldiers, were attacked by the Afreedee mountaineers, who came down upon them, drove off the camels, and beheaded two of the people, whose mangled trunks were brought into camp; and we were informed that this murderous outrage was one of very frequent occurrence. The garrison, in this instance, pursued the marauders and brought back the cattle.

At length, after a good deal of discussion, and very contrary to the advice of our worthy host, Monsieur Avitabile, we resolved to wait no longer for our escort, but at once to enter Khyber. Some half-dozen letters had already been exchanged between the chiefs of the pass and myself; and the individual commanding the small detachment of the Cabool troops, a renegade of the name of Leslie, alias Rattray, who now figured as a Moslem, under the name of Fida Mahommed Khan, assured me they were to be relied upon. We set out on the morning of the 2d of September. Monsieur Avitabile saw us a few hundred yards from his camp, where we parted from him, with many thanks for all the kind attentions which he had shown us. The Khuleels, a tribe of Afghans, escorted us for about two miles to Kudun, and then handed us over to the genuine Khyberees, who occupied the gorge of the valley. The first salutation which we received from them was a message directing us to get rid of our escort: we accordingly sent the Khuleels back, and at once abandoned ourselves to the tender mercies of Ullah Dad Khan, the chief of the Kokee Khyl, who, with his numerous followers, led us to Ali Musjid, a weak fort in the centre of the pass. Our march was not without a degree of anxious excitement: we were moving among a savage tribe, who set the Sikhs at defiance, and who paid but an unwilling allegiance to Cabool; we had no guard of our own, except about a dozen Arabs, and we had considerable property with us. We were also stopped at every by-road and defile as we came among the different subdivisions of the tribe. At Jubugee they, in conclave, requested us to halt for the night, and pointed out the rock near which Nadir Shah had slept on his advance to India; but not even the historical association attached to the sleeping-place of that "Persian robber," as Gibbon calls him, could convince me of the propriety of halting there; and, after a good deal of parleying, we were allowed to advance, and reached Ali Musjid about eleven o'clock, all our baggage preceding us—a very necessary precaution in journeying among Khyberees. By the road they showed to us many small mounds, built to mark the spots where they had planted the heads of the Sikhs whom they had decapitated after the late victory: on some of these mounds locks of hair were yet to be seen.

We had scarcely pitched our camp in the confined ground below Ali Musjid and in the dry bed of the river, when the rolling thunder gave notice of rain; and it soon came down in such torrents as must have washed us back to Jumrood, had it not been for the great activity of our own people and the assistance afforded us by the Khyberees. Tents, boxes, and everything were dragged by main force up the steep sides of the defile, on which we were constrained to remain, drenched to the skin and totally without shelter, and by no means in that placid state of mind which would enable us to have enjoyed the sublimity of the scene—for sublime it certainly was—the water rolling in a torrent down the bed of the pass, driving bushes and everything before it, whilst waterfalls in all directions and of all hues came rushing down around us, some of them in an unbroken leap of more than 300 feet—all of these bursting out, one after another, from unseen crevices in the towering rocks by which we were surrounded. In all this confusion, and indeed throughout our previous march, we had a good opportunity of studying the Khyber Pass, which must always be formidable, and more especially so in rainy and boisterous weather. We had found the road as good as it had been represented; and the people, lawless as their habits undoubtedly are, had been more friendly than we could have hoped for. Next morning we were joined by Agha Jan, the Governor of Julalabad; the Momund chief, Sadut Khan; and a Shahghassee, or officer of the court, who came with about 5000 men; and the hills rang with shouts and noise of men and arms, during all which din and tumult we remained looking on as patiently as we could, but heartily wishing ourselves fairly out of the defile. This we effected on the following morning by a march of twenty miles to Duka, and at length cleared the far-famed pass of Khyber without an accident. The last half of the pass is the most formidable; but even there it is pervious to heavy artillery. The formation is black slate and limestone rock, with

deep beds of conglomerate, in which are rounded pebbles. At Ali Musjid the water jets beautifully out of the rock and flows towards Jumrood, but for some distance between these two places it has a subterraneous course. There is something in this water which renders Khyber extremely unhealthy in the hot weather; and we were told, that after standing for a night it is covered with an oily substance.

In the last part of the road, at Lundee Khanu, a village composed of thirty or forty small forts, and built where the pass opens, we saw a "Tope" in good preservation, and in a commanding position. Farther on, and before reaching a place named "Huft chah," or the seven wells, we passed to our left a hill crowned by a long fort, and called by the inhabitants the "Kaffir Killa," or infidel's fort, to which tradition assigns a very ancient date. There is a ruin of a similar kind north of the Cabool river, and my inquiries led me to the conviction that there are many such remains in Afghanistan: they are doubtless the relics of former kings, whether the word "infidel" has reference to a Bactrian, a Greek, or a Hindoo.

At Duka the whole of the chiefs of Khyber visited us: there are four principal and several petty ones. They asserted that in the time of the kings of Cabool they received a lac and 32,000 rupees pay for guarding the pass, besides the transit-duties; and they offered, on a renewal of this, again to open the road to commerce. I found, however, that it was at this time actually open, and that Dost Mahommed had satisfied all their demands by the payment of some 15,000 or 20,000 rupees a year; but their religious animosity towards the Sikhs was the best safeguard against an advance of that nation on Cabool in this direction. There are, besides, more obstacles to commerce in the Punjab than in the mountains of Khyber. The easy terms on which we were enabled to satisfy the Khyberees for the friendly and réally important services which they had rendered us did credit to their moderation. A few coarse gun-locks, some still coarser loongees and pelisses (choghas), with 375 rupees in cash, making the total value of the payment about 500 rupees, satisfied all parties. An Ornkzye Ruhmutoollah came with us all the way from Peshawur: he was an eccentric being, with a tongue much too large for his mouth. We gave into his charge a palanqueen, in which Dr Lord, in consequence of indisposition, had been obliged to travel through the pass: no sooner was it intrusted to him than he very coolly seated himself in it, and ordered the astonished bearers to proceed. It was curious enough that we had been driven in a coach to Jumrood, and that one of our party had travelled in a palanqueen through Khyber. Too favourable ideas of Khyber society must not, however, be inferred from what I have stated: they live in miserable caves; and one tribe of them, the Momuzye Afreedees, I was positively assured, sometimes change their wives, paying the difference in value! When a man dies and leaves a widow without children, his brothers feel no hesitation in selling her. Altogether, the women are badly off, and do much of the laborious out-of-door work: their condition, however, is not such in all the tribes.

We passed through Bassoul and Butteecote to Mazeina, a village near the base of Sufued Koh, where we halted by a fine stream of running water and in a bracing climate, which we greatly enjoyed after having been so long roasted on the Indus. The mountains near us were thickly clad with pines and julgoozas, and the snow was on their summits; but it was that of last year, as none had yet fallen. We next passed up the fine valleys of Nungeenar, and the districts of Chupreeal, to Beea and Kuju, and encamped in the latter on the 11th. This is the place so famed for its pomegranates without seed, although the best fruit is brought from villages half-way up the mountains. Kuju has a hot summer, the elevation not being great. We have received abundant presents of fruit from Cabool, chiefly peaches and pears; but we were admonished not to eat too freely of them until the autumnal equinox, when all food is considered to have become wholesome. We now found ourselves in a country altogether different from that which we had left; beggars and heat had ceased to annoy us, and, although the people crowded to see us,

they were well-behaved and well clad; many of them had books under their arms, and, more strange to say, on their heads, for such appears to be the fashionable way of carrying octavos in these parts. These *bookish* men were of course Moollahs and students. The Hindoos of Kuju were numerous: they were Sikhs, and had a temple; but, nevertheless, professed poverty, to save themselves from the exactions which were imposed on the people for the purpose of carrying on war with the Punjab—a war which, they truly said, required a greater treasury than Cabool could furnish.

In Kuju we found a park of artillery, which had been detached from Julalabad, that the men might not suffer from the excessive heat. The pomegranate-growers were not within twenty days of their harvest, and the traders who transport the fruit to India were assembling in numbers. The tree differs altogether in appearance from the common pomegranate; and only grows at Kulghoo, Tootoo, Hissaruk, and one or two other villages, which are beautifully situated above Kuju: the fruit comes to greater perfection if sheltered from the sun. 1500 or 2000 camels laden with it leave the place yearly: it was selling for three rupees a hundred. The rind is also an article of considerable export, as it is used at Cabool in the preparation of leather, which, by means of it, they dress in a superior manner. The great carriers are the Lohanees and Sheenwarees: the former go to India, but it would appear that the latter only pass between Cabool and Peshawur. Very fine camels are to be had from the one region, and mules still finer from the other.

From Kuju we passed through the garden of Neemla to Gundamuk. This royal garden was in good order, and we halted to admire it: cypress-trees alternate with the chinar or plane; all of them reaching to the height of 100 feet, and, as the Persian verse has it, "holding each other by the hand and rivalling each other in beauty." The walks which they shade are lovely. We were here visited by the son of Shah Shooja's vizier, Akram Khan: he came with his two sons to express his devotion to the British, and his hopes that he would be remembered for his father's sake, who fell at the king's stirrup. He put the hand of one of his sons into mine and said, "He is your slave: I have brought him by his mother's desire, and she was the daughter of the great Futteh Khan." Both the grandfathers of this little fellow had, therefore, been viziers of the empire. Agha Jan, our conductor, speaking of Akram Khan, said "He had exalted ideas of kingly dignity, never relaxed into a smile, nor sat carelessly on the ground." I said that a great man should sometimes relax. He replied by relating an anecdote of Nadir Shah, to whom one of his courtiers once made a similar remark, adding "That he might safely so indulge himself, as there was no one present to observe him." "What," answered his master, "is not Nadir Shah *himself* present?" This said Agha Jan here took leave of us, being relieved by Nazir Ali Mahommed. Agha Jan was a sedate, good sort of man; tolerably well informed, and very fond of wine, which, however, he took care to drink in secret. The best wine he told me was to be procured from the Kaffir country, and in praise of the juice of the grape he quoted the Toorkee proverb: "Drink of it in moderation, that you may fight the lion: not in excess, that the crow may peck out your eyes."

On our way to Jugdulnk we passed the bridge of the Soorkhrood, the date of which is quaintly given in an inscription which is let into the rock, and of which the following is a translation:—

"In the reign of the impartial Shah Jehan, the founder of this bridge was Ali Murdan Khan: I asked Wisdom the date of its erection; it answered, 'the builder of the bridge is Ali Murdan Khan:'" which words give the year of the Hegira 1045; A. D. 1635.

On this bridge I was welcomed by my old friend Hyat, the Cafila-bashee, who, after convoying me safely over Hindoo Koosh, now saw me returning from the opposite direction again to represent my nation. He brought with him a dozen mule-loads of fruit from the Nawab, and our meeting was a very cordial one. The

worthy fellow seemed to me to look younger than when we parted: I clothed him in a Cashmere shawl, and he could scarcely speak for astonishment and delight. We ran over together our adventures in Hindoo Koosh; and I did not fail to take care of him who had so long taken good care of me, and gave him a comfortable tent and a good pilao.

Here the chief, or, as he is called, Padshah of Kooner sent a messenger to tell me "his country was ours, and he hoped we would command his services: it extended," he said, "from Nijrow to Bajour, and from Shew to Pushoot; and bordered on the Kaffirs, over whom he had influence." The bearer of this communication was a Mooftee of a facetious turn of mind, who had been in the Punjab, and amused us with his accounts of an interview with Runjeet Sing, who interrogated him closely regarding the habits of the people to the west, and the state of their affairs. At last one of the courtiers, who understood Persian, asked if it were true, according to the couplet, that every woman at Cabool had a sweetheart. The Mooftee replied that he had seen nothing but courtesans since he had left his country, and gave in return a wittier verse than the one alluded to.* The Maharaja at length gave him a dress of honour, and the Afghan was no sooner clad in it than some thirty cormorants demanded each his perquisite. This was too much—he returned into the presence of the Raja, placed his dress at his feet, and upon it the 200 rupees which he had received with it; and began as follows: "A person gave some cloth to a tailor to make into clothes, who, when it was brought home, demanded more for it than the value of the cloth. 'Take the garment,' said the man, 'and wait till I return with some borrowed money to discharge the demand.' So is it with me, Raja! Pray receive back the dress and money, till I can sell one of my horses and pay the balance of the fees which your courtiers demand." The merriment occasioned by this illustration saved the Mooftee from the usual exactions, and he left the court with his dress of honour, and his 200 rupees to boot.

Near Jugduluk we saw holly-trees (beloot) to our left; and crossing a lofty pass of about 8500 feet, clad with pine-trees, descended direct upon Tezeen by a short route. From the summit of this, Lughman and Togour lay in sight beneath us: the distant hills over Cabool were pointed out to us: and behind us were the forests of Kurkuju. As we descended we observed the bitter almond and the mulberry, and a pleasing fragrance exhaled from the aromatic grass: there were also the wild lavender, the wild rose, and the thistle. Half-way up this mountainpass our road led through the bed of a water-course, which was strewed with rounded pebbles; and, as we got higher up, the rock cropped out in vertical dykes. From Tezeen we passed the "huft kootul," or seven passes, to Khoord Cabool and Bootkhak, where we were joined by Mr. Masson, the well-known illustrator of Bactrian reliques. It was a source of great satisfaction to all of us to make the acquaintance of this gentleman, and we were highly gratified by our intercourse with him. On the 20th of September we entered Cabool, and were received with great pomp and splendour by a fine body of Afghan cavalry, led by the Ameer's son, Akbar Khan. He did me the honour to place me on the same elephant upon which he himself rode, and conducted us to his father's court, whose reception of us was most cordial. A spacious garden, close by the palace and inside the Bala-Hissar of Cabool, was allotted to the mission as their place of residence.

* Adam wu Huwa humih ek-abee und
Wahee! bur an quoum ki Punj-abee und!

CHAPTER VII.

Interview with Dost Mahommed Khan—Gracious reception by the Ameer—Nawab Jubar Khan —State of affairs at Cabool—Siege of Herat—A Russian agent—Fears and hopes of the Ameer — Alchymy — Famous swords — Visit Koh-damun and Kohistan — Istalif — Its fine scenery—Wild inhabitants—Blood feuds and customs—Chareekar—Pass of Hindoo Koosh—Mines of Fureenjal—Ghorbund and Purwan rivers—Value of irrigation—Expenses of farming—Reg Ruwan—Frequency of earthquakes—Objects of our tour—Begram—Topes—Water-fowl and animals—Return to Cabool.

On the 21st of September we were admitted to a formal audience by Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan, and I then delivered to him my credentials from the Governor-General of India. His reception of them was all that could be desired. I informed him that I had brought with me, as presents to his highness, some of the rarities of Europe: he promptly replied that we ourselves were the rarities, the sight of which best pleased him.* Seeing our draftsman, Mr. Gonsalvez, he asked of what country he was, and, upon being told that he was a Portuguese, made many inquiries as to the present power and prospects of that nation. When he heard that the Portuguese had intermarried with Indians, he observed that their spell as Europeans was broken, and their fall certain. From the Ameer's audience-chamber we proceeded to the Nawab Jubar Khan, who received us in his bath, and invited us to breakfast. As we passed through the city some of the people cried out, "Take care of Cabool!" "Do not destroy Cabool!" and wherever we went in this fine bustling place, we were saluted with a cordial welcome. Our visits were soon returned, both by the Ameer and his brother the Nawab. Power frequently spoils men, but with Dost Mahommed neither the increase of it, nor his new title of Ameer, seems to have done him any harm. He seemed even more alert and full of intelligence than when I last saw him. In reply to my inquiries regarding the descent of the Afghans from the Jews, he said, "Why, we marry a brother's wife, and give a daughter no inheritance;—are we not, therefore, of the children of Israel?"† Speaking afterwards on our English law of inheritance, and of a daughter sharing with a son, the Ameer observed that it must have originated from the respect paid by Christians to the Virgin Mary. I did not deem it court etiquette to inform him that it was unnecessary to go so far to find a reason for an act of common justice.

It is difficult to proceed without saying a few words on the state of parties at Cabool: were I to omit doing so, I must fail to make my narrative intelligible. After the action at Jumrood with the Sikhs, both parties withdrew from the contest, and the presence of the British had therefore the good effect of putting an end to the horrors of war. Scarcely however had tranquillity dawned on the east, when the Persians invaded Afghanistan on the west, and besieged Herat, from which, as is well known, they only withdrew under an actual demonstration of our force in the Gulf of Persia, and in consequence of the threatening admonitions of the British government. These circumstances had a prejudicial effect at Cabool, which was further heightened by the presence of an agent from Russia, who reached the place some time after my arrival. To the east, the fears of Dost

* I am indebted to my friend Lieut. Jas. Rattray, of the 2d Bengal N. I., for the portrait of Dost Mahommed, which is a striking likeness.

† I since find that the book from which the Jewish lineage of the Afghans is derived is the "Mujmoo i ansab;" and it is said that the Urz Bege of Hajee Feroz at Herat possess elaborate genealogical trees on the same subject.

Mahommed Khan were allayed—to the west they were increased; and in this state of things his hopes were so worked upon, that the ultimate result was his estrangement from the British government. For the information of those who are interested in the exact condition and relations of Cabool, as it stood while these events were passing, I have, in an appendix, given a sketch (see Appendix No. III.) extracted from the printed records of government.

One of the first applications which we received was from the Nawab, who requested us to supply him with some platina wire, to aid his studies in alchymy. I took the occasion to inquire into the state of the science, which has always been in such high favour among the Afghans, and was forthwith made acquainted with several ways of *making gold*, by which the adepts trick their credulous employers. One of these is by secretly introducing some gold inside the charcoal, and, after the quicksilver has been evaporated, the more precious metal is left to delight the wiseacre, and to tempt him on to further expenses. Another method is to put the filings of gold into a stick or pipe, and fasten the end with wax; with this rod the materials in the crucible are stirred, and the desired result obtained.

We found greater cause to admire the Afghans in their taste in swords than for their chemical studies. Some very fine blades were sent to us for our inspection by a decayed widow lady, whose husband had been one of the former Dooranee lords. One of these scimitars was valued at 5000 rupees, and the other two at 1500 each. The first of these was an Ispahan sword, made by one Zaman, the pupil of Asad, and a slave of Abbas the Great. It was formed of what is called "Akbaree steel," and had belonged to Ghoolam Shah Calora of Sinde, whose name was upon it, and was brought from that country during the wars of Mudad Khan. The especial cause of its great value was that the *water* could be traced upon it, like a skein of silk, down the entire length of the blade. Had this watering *been interrupted* by a curve or cross, the sword would have been comparatively valueless. The second was also a Persian sword of the water called "Begumee." The lines did not run down straight, but waved like a watered silk fabric. It had the name of Nadir Shah on it. The third was what is termed a "Kara" (black) Khorasan blade, of the water named "Bidr," and came from Casveen. There were neither straight nor waving lines in it, but it was mottled with dark spots. All these swords were light and well-balanced, the most valuable one was the most curved: the steel in all the three tinkled like a bell, and is said to improve by age. One test of the genuineness of a sword is that it can be written upon with gold; others, more certain, are its cutting through a large bone, and severing a silk handkerchief when thrown into the air.

After the turmoil of eating dinners and receiving visitors had been got over, and our business put in train, we all of us determined to visit the far-famed mountain-skirts of Kho-damun and Kohistan, which are situated north of Cabool. The Ameer very readily granted us permission to do so, and appointed an individual of influence to conduct and protect us, several parts of the neighbourhood, particularly north of the Ghoorbund river, or what is called Kohistan Proper, having only of late been brought under subjection. We set out from Cabool on the morning of the 13th of October, and halted at Kareez-i-Meer, about fifteen miles from which we could see, in the hazy distance, a vast vista of gardens extending for some thirty or forty miles in length, and half as broad, terminated by Hindoo Koosh itself, white with snow. Next day we reached Shukurdura, where there is a royal garden, but which is now in a state of decay. Our next march was to Kahdura, and thence to Istalif, the great point of attraction. No written description can do justice to this lovely and delightful country. Throughout the whole of our route we had been lingering amidst beautiful orchards, the banks of which were clustered over with wild flowers and plants, many of them common to Europe, and which were also in profuse abundance along the margins of the innumerable brooks which intersect the valleys.

The roads were shaded by noble and lofty walnut-trees, which excluded the sun's rays, never powerless in this climate. Every hill with a southern aspect had a vineyard on it, and the raisins were spread out on the ground, and imparted a purple tinge to the hills. There were very few songsters however to enliven the scene, most of the feathered tribe having flown to a warmer climate. The coldness of the air, which had driven them away, was to us bracing and delightful, and only served to increase our enjoyment. I must not, however, speak in detail of this charming country, nor do the far-famed gardens of Istalif require any aid from me to establish their supremacy. We pitched our camp on one side of the valley, and directly opposite to us, at a distance of about a thousand yards, rose the town of Istalif in the form of a pyramid, terrace on terrace, the whole crowned with a shrine embosomed among wide-spreading plane-trees. Between us lay a deep and narrow valley, at the bottom of which was a clear, rapid, and musically-sounding brook, on both sides of which the valley was covered with the richest orchards and vineyards. Looking down this stream, the dell gradually opens out, and presents to the eye a vast plain, rich in trees and verdure, and dotted over with innumerable turreted forts: beyond all this, rocky mountains are seen with the fresh snow of yesterday upon them; and over these again tower the eternal snow-clad summits of Hindoo Koosh. The scene was as sublimely grand as it was beautiful and enchanting. The yellow autumnal leaves rustled in the breeze, and the crystal waters rushed in their rapid course over craggy rocks with a noise which reached the summit of the valley. Thessalian Tempé could never have more delighted the eyes of an Ionian, than did Istalif please Bœotian Britons. The people illuminated their town in the evening, in honour of their visitors. It had a pretty effect, but the beauties of art could not in our opinion compete with those of nature. Not so with our escort: they declared that Istalif had at all times been the abode of pleasure, and that, without wine, not only would the illumination lose its value, but Nature herself would be worth nothing. We accordingly sent a few bottles of wine, to which they did the amplest justice, although the "Moohtussib," a chief constable of Cabool, was of the party. On the following day I taxed him with this departure from the rules of his sect. He bore my bantering with great equanimity, and replied, with mock heroic dignity, "Who, my lord, suspects me,—me, the 'Moohtussib,'—of indulging in wine? My duty is to reform the morals of others."

It is a source of deep regret that this beautiful country should be inhabited by a race of men so turbulent and vindictive as the Tajiks have here proved themselves to be; and yet, throughout Afghanistan generally, these same Tajiks form the most peaceable classes of the population. Here, however, their blood-feuds are endless: a week never passes without strife or assassination, and I have been assured, on the best authority, that a man frequently remains immured in his own tower for two and three years from a fear of his enemies, leaving his wife to take care of his property, and discharge his duties; nay, that in some instances this durance has lasted for eight and ten years. It is rare to see a man go to bathe, hunt, or even ride out, without a part of his clan attending him as a guard. Lately a strong government has in some respects softened down these asperities; but the retribution of blood, which the Mahommedan law allows, fatally perpetuates these sanguinary habits. "Blood for blood" is their motto and their rule; and as they still rigidly follow it up, every fresh act of violence increases the number of feuds, and extends the misery resulting from them still more widely.

Children born of different mothers and the same fathers are seldom cordial friends; and, singular enough, the word "turboor" among them has the double signification of cousin and rival. When any rebellion is excited, it is customary for the government to expel the traitor, and raise up his "turboor," or cousin, to govern in his stead. If you ask the natives of Kohistan why such desperate habits have become familiar to them, they will gravely tell you that they result from their heating diet of mulberries—that fruit, dried and pounded into flour,

being the general food of the population. These people have the reputation of being the best foot-soldiers in Afghanistan, and from all I could learn they merit the distinction. They are a healthy and handsome race, and are alike fond of sport and of war. In time of need as many as twenty thousand of them have taken the field, well armed with flint-lock muskets. Dost Mahommed rules them with a rod of iron, and has executed many of the principal men. Many others, to whom independence and lawless liberty were dearer than their possessions, have fled the country, and now cultivate fields among the fens of Koondooz and Balkh, voluntarily exposing themselves to poverty and hardship, rather than submit to any regularity of government in their native glens. In bygone times Nadir Shah himself is said to have been satisfied with a tribute of three hundred tent-pins from Doornanu, one of their districts; and the kings of Cabool apportioned this country under an easy tenure to their nobles, contenting themselves with the military sevices of the people. The present chief of Cabool has, on the contrary, been constrained, in order to maintain his power, to destroy many of their forts, which were scattered in clusters all over the valley, and is anxious to reduce the inhabitants to the state of citizens. On our return route from Istalif we passed through Isterghich, Sinjet-dura, Tope-dura, Si-yaran, and Chareekar, the last a large bazar-town of about ten thousand inhabitants. All these places are faithfully described by the Emperor Baber. They are a succession of separate valleys at the base of lofty mountains, glowing and rich in foliage, which forms a striking contrast to the bleak ground by which they are divided, and the still bleaker hills that rise above them. Wherever nature or the hand of man has conducted water, there are to be seen gardens and orchards; and the surplus water, which runs down lower into the valley, nourishes rich crops of grain.

Chareekar lies on the high road between Cabool and Toorkistan, and we saw many travellers hastening to and from both places, as the approaching winter would soon put a stop to all journeyings. Conversation with these people so much excited the curiosity of Lieutenant Leech and Dr. Lord, that they resolved to attempt to climb the mountains, and examine the celebrated pass of Hindoo Koosh. This they effected in a satisfactory manner by a route through the valleys of Ghoorbund and Konshan, dressed as Asiatics, and under the guidance of honest Hyat, the Cafila Bashee. They found the actual pass to be about 15,000 feet high, consequently in elevation little inferior to that of Mont Blanc. They attained it on the 19th of October, and learned that it would be finally closed by the snow in about ten days; after which, until the spring, no caravan could pass. The ascent had been very gradual to within twelve or fifteen miles of its summit, nor was any considerable difficulty experienced till within a mile of the pass. The track then became very steep, and in consequence of a partial thaw, very slippery and dangerous. The horses fell and appeared much distressed, and the party was obliged to dismount and proceed on foot. They did not experience any personal inconvenience, but the natives informed them that they, themselves, were frequently seized with giddiness, faintness, and vomiting. The summit of Hindoo Koosh was of pure granite. On the southern side the snow only extended for four or five miles, while on the northern it reached eighteen or twenty. This difference of climate appears to be characteristic of these regions, for Dr. Lord afterwards found at the pass of Sir-alung, which is next to that of Hindoo Koosh, that on the southern side the ground was clear of snow within ten miles of the summit, although on the northern face it extended for sixty miles. On their return they visited the rich lead-mines of Fureenjal, the underground workings of which are so extensive, that they were occupied nearly three hours in examining them. Farther down the valley of Ghoorbund, they came to the magnificent cavern of Fulgird, which they explored for three or four hundred yards, but found nothing to reward them, except some very large and transparent stalactites. The whole country appears to be rich in minerals.

While our two fellow-travellers were employed in their exciting journey, Lieu-

tenant Wood and myself continued our wanderings in Kohistan. About four miles north of Chareekar, we found the country abruptly sink nearly an hundred feet, and presenting a scene of unrivalled cultivation. Through this basin or valley ran the rivulets of Ghoorbund, Purwan, and Punjsheer, all of which we crossed. At this season they were clear, rapid brooks, with stony beds, and easily forded: in spring and summer they are much swollen. They all unite at the celebrated ruins of Begran, and, passing Joolga and Tugow, reach Tungi Gharoi twenty miles from Cabool, where there is a water-fall which interrupts the navigation. It is one of the great amusements of the people to ensnare the fish as they leap up this cascade. Immediately on crossing the river of Ghoorbund, we entered Kohistan Proper, a country rich without parallel. It is of no great extent, its form being that of the segment of a circle, the length of which is about sixteen or eighteen miles, and five or six its greatest depth. The fertility and productiveness of the soil is equalled by the industry of the people, who, forming bank above bank, acquire, as it were, land from their stony hills, all of which they irrigate with a care and zeal greatly to be admired. Aqueducts may be often seen fifty and sixty feet up the hill, conducted round every swell and valley, till at last they pour out their contents on the embanked fields. Irrigation from natural rivulets is, of course, more economical than by canals or subterraneous watercourses. Near Chareekar there are some magnificent artificial canals, which, according to the people, are as old as the days of Timour. The canals are either dug by the government, or the villagers make common cause. If the former, the revenue derived is considerable, one hundred rupees per annum being charged for every place through which the supply passes. In some parts of the country the water, after being conducted, is made free property: in others it is carefully distributed and sold. A cut from a canal ten fingers broad and five deep is sufficient to irrigate eight khurwars of grain. Much abuse, however, attends the subdivision of the water, and the owners of lands at the lower extremity of a canal are often obliged to watch over the proceedings of those who live higher up, and even to bribe them not to damage their fields by stopping the supply; nay, battles are sometimes fought for the water. For one night's supply to a crop of twenty khurwars, from fifty to one hundred rupees are sometimes given.

On the prices of farming and labour in this country I gathered the following particulars. A landlord who farms his estate is understood to pay one-third of the total produce for sowing, rearing and reaping. The state takes a third, and the remaining third falls to the proprietor. In this case, however, he furnishes the seed, and water for irrigation. If the proprietor also furnishes cattle, and all the materials, &c., which are required, the labourers then receive only one-sixth for their trouble. It is not usual to hire daily labourers; but when a plough, two men, and a pair of oxen are so employed, the wages are half a Khan rupee, or three-eighths of a Company's rupee, per diem. Afghanistan is a cheaper country than Persia, for grain is more abundant. The returns of seed sown vary, of course, with the nature of the grain and the quality of the soil. Wheat yields from ten to sixteen-fold, seldom more than fifteen; rice gives sixteen or eighteen; juwaree as much as fifty-fold. The best soil in the district of Cabool is at Deh Afghanee, a village in the suburbs, where a jureeb of land, or half an English acre, produces a rent of ten tomauns or 200 rupees, and yields, besides the profits of the proprietor, a revenue as high as forty rupees to government; but this is ground on which vegetables are reared, the sale of which is highly advantageous, for the Afghans preserve cabbages, carrots, and turnips, as we do potatoes, placing them on the ground, with a little earth over them and leaves, so that they are thus kept fresh till April.

Some of the natives of Kohistan bore a strong resemblance to the people beyond the mountains, and they repeated to us traditions which went to prove that they had crossed them in the days of Timour. In several places they spoke cor-

rupted Toorkee, and among the villages two were named Togh Verdee and Togh Bogha. There was, however, a more remarkable race inhabiting the valley of Punjsheer, who spoke the Pushye dialect, and whom I shall shortly mention. A few of the people were Safee Afghans, or of the tribe which inhabits Nijrow, an extensive valley eastward of Kohistan, and deeply indenting the range of Hindoo Koosh.

As we were now in the vicinity of "Reg-Ruwan," or the moving sand, we made an excursion to it. It is a phenomenon similar to what is seen at Jubul Nakoos, or the sounding mountain, near Toor in the Red Sea. The Emperor Baber thus describes it:—"Between the plains there is a small hill, in which there is a line of sandy ground, reaching from the top to the bottom. They call it Khwaju Reg-Ruwan: they say that in the summer season the sound of drums and nugarets issues from the sand."

The description of Baber, however marvellous it appears, is pretty accurate. Reg-Ruwan is situated about forty miles north of Cabool, towards Hindoo Koosh, and near the base of the mountains. Two ridges of hills, detached from the rest, run in and meet each other. At the point of junction, and where the slope of the hills is at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the height nearly 400 feet, a sheet of sand, as pure as that on the seashore, is spread from the top to the bottom, to a breadth of about 100 yards. When this sand is set in motion by a body of people sliding down it a sound is emitted. On the first trial we distinctly heard two loud, hollow sounds, such as would be produced by a large drum. On two subsequent trials we heard nothing: so that perhaps the sand requires to be settled and at rest some space of time before the effect can be produced. The inhabitants have a belief that the sounds are only heard on Friday; nor then, unless by the special permission of the saint of Reg-Ruwan, who is interred close to the spot. The locality of the sand is remarkable, as there is no other in the neighbourhood. Reg-Ruwan faces the south, but the wind of Purwan (bád i Purwan), which blows strongly from the north for the greater part of the year, probably deposits it by an eddy. Such is the violence of this wind, that all the trees in the neighbourhood bend to the south, and the fields, after a few years, require to be re-cleared of the pebbles and stones, which the loss of soil lays bare. The mountains around are, for the most part, composed of granite or mica, but at Reg-Ruwan we found sandstone, lime, slate, and quartz. Near the strip of sand there is a strong echo, and the same conformation of surface which occasions this is doubtless connected with the sound of the moving sand.

In a late number of the "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta" there is an extract of a letter from Lieutenant Wellsted of the Indian navy, in which he describes the sounding mountain in the Red Sea, which has also been mentioned by Gray and Seetzen. There would appear, however, to be some variation in the kind of sound produced in the two places; but both are, I suppose, explained by the theory laid down by Mr. James Prinsep regarding Jubl Nakoos, who says that the effect is there produced merely by "a reduplication of impulse, setting air in vibration in a focus of echo." At all events we have at Reg-Ruwan another example of the phenomenon, to excite the curiosity of those interested in acoustics. Reg-Ruwan is seen from a great distance; and the situation of the sand is so peculiar, that it might almost be imagined the hill had been cut in two, and that it had gushed from the opening as from a sand-bag: the probability, however, is, that it has been brought together by the wind.

Convulsions of nature are exceedingly common in this part of the world. Baber mentions one to have occurred in his time, and in this very plain: "so that in some places the ground was elevated to the height of an elephant above its old level, and in others as much depressed." A severe earthquake took place in Cabool six years ago, and shocks happen as frequently as twice or thrice in a month. We had no less than three of these on the 14th of December, and many before and after that day: but they were all slight. A passing shake, with a rumbling

noise, is called "goozur," to distinguish it from "zilzilla," or earthquake, the term used by the inhabitants when a tremulous motion takes place.

Our geological and other similar researches in Kohistan naturally led to our being questioned as to the particular object of our pursuit. "We are seeking," said I to a Mahommedan, "for the organic remains of a former world." After ascertaining from me that Christians and Mahommedans agree on the subject of the deluge, he observed that, "when Mahomed was asked what existed before the world, he answered, the world; and he repeated the same answer seven times. I can, therefore," continued the Moslem, "well understand the motives of your search." Another individual with whom I fell into the same conversation observed, "We do not even know ourselves; what can we know, therefore, of the past and present world?" The remark, however, of my first acquaintance will serve to show that it probably will not be a difficult task to explain to the Moslem the mysteries which geologists have of late years so successfully unravelled.

After a delightful tour we turned our steps towards Cabool, taking the ancient city of Begram by the way. It is supposed to be the "Alexandria ad calcem Caucausi," and the merit of its discovery is due to Mr. Masson, who, during many successive years, disinterred thousands of coins on its site, which is in a vast plain, extending for miles and covered with tumuli. A citadel of natural strength and in a commanding position overlooks the low land of Kohistan, and the three rivers in one wash its base. It is called by some "Kaffir Killa," the infidel fort; and by others Abdollas tower (boorj). No part of it is now inhabited, but its extensive aqueducts may yet be traced, and if repaired would greatly increase the fertility of the country. The position is one well suited for a capital; dry, flat, and elevated, in a rich country, and near the foot of the passes which lead to and from Tartary. Within a few miles of it, at Topedura and Joolga, are two of those curious remnants of former ages called "Topes." They have been opened, and their contents of boxes and coins prove their age. Another of them, called Sir Baolee, in Nijrow, near a cave, and covered with a glazed blue coating, yet remains intact to stimulate future inquiry. I will not enter upon the *questio vexata* of these works. Their antiquity is undoubted, and merely in crossing them we picked up coins. I contented myself with having a careful topographical drawing of the whole prepared, which I transmitted to my friend, General Court, at Lahore, who had expressed great anxiety for it. I believe he has since transmitted it to Paris, and that it now lives in the archives of the Asiatic Society of that capital.

The rivers in this vicinity were well stored with fish, and, as it appeared to me, with ducks also, at which I fired; when, to my great surprise, I found they were but decoy-ducks, admirably executed, and which deceived their natural representative as they did me, for thousands are at this season enticed by them, and ensnared during night by the villagers. Water-fowl abound in these parts: I made a collection of no less than forty-five different species of ducks, and it was quite evident that many additions might have been made. The finest are the large red duck, and the mallard, which looks like the tame duck in its wild state. Besides the water-fowl, they brought to us the skin of another bird of passage, called "kujeer," which, when stripped of its feathers, has a rich down left on it, which is much used in pelisses. But the *rara avis* of Kohistan was the "kubk i duree," a bird somewhat less than a turkey, and of the partridge or chiccore species. It was first procured for us in Ghoorbund, but as the snow falls it may be had nearer Cabool. For the table, it is not surpassed by any bird: but it must be killed when caught, since it loses its flavour in a tame state. The "dughdour," a kind of bustard, was also seen here. In Kohistan the most active search is made for all animals which yield fur, that being an article in high demand in Cabool. There are eight or ten different species to be found here, amongst which are the lynx, the gor-kun, and the moosh-khoorma; but the one most sought after is the "dila khufuk," a large weasel, of grayish colour, and

white in the neck. The Galago crassicaudatus of Cuvier was also brought to us; and the Huzara rat, which is a creature without a tail. Porcupines and hedgehogs abound. Marmots were likewise caught, but the hares in this country are few, and small in size; and, with the exception of water-fowl, there is little which a sportsman calls game, although the Afghans hunt everything that yields a fur. Bears of a reddish-brown colour and wolves make their appearance in winter; as also the red fox, and the common reynard, which is larger than in India, and would not disgrace an English field. The people spoke much of the "sug i kohee," or dog of the hills, brought from the Huzara country, but I doubt if it be really the wild dog, as the region has no wood or jungle. Its young are most sought after. There is also in the same region an animal of a like nature to our badger, and called "tibbergam," which takes to the ground in winter. From Nijrow they brought to us a large bird called "unkash:" it was either the condor or a vulture. Some fine specimens of wild sheep and goats were seen here. They are natives of Hindoo Koosh; and for full particulars regarding them I refer the naturalist to Dr. Lord's very accurate account, which will be found in Appendix V.

On our route we alighted at Ak-Surai, a flourishing village about twenty miles from Cabool. In one of its gardens many families were residing under the trees, as is common during summer in this country. Several of them were preparing grape-jelly, called "sheeru." They first squeeze the ripe Kismiss grape in a wicker basket, from which the juice escapes into a jar, after which it is put on the fire and boiled: it is used in making sherbet. The squeezed husks of the grapes they give to cows and horses. While resting under a tree at a little distance and watching this process, a damsel sent me some kabobs, spitted on a twig of willow and well roasted, which I enjoyed vastly after a march of nearly thirty miles. I suppose I was indebted to the intervention of the officer with me for the fair lady's civility; but as my baggage was in the rear I was doubly thankful. I afterwards retired to the house of a Hindoo in the town, where I rested for the remainder of the day, evidently affording great amusement to all the neighbours of my host; the situation in which I sat enabling them to peep down upon me from every direction, as if I had been shut up in one of the central cells of Bentham's Panopticon. Next morning we rose early, and, crossing the pass of Paeen Moonara and the lake, soon found ourselves in Cabool. On the way we met many travellers, most of them women, still hurrying across the mountains, chiefly to Inderab. They were all on horseback; one horse sometimes carrying a woman, her child, and a slave-girl. They were well clad to keep out cold, and the men had mottled stockings, or overalls, of worsted, that came up the thigh and looked extremely comfortable. Entering Cabool from this side, we were shown two mounds close to the Bala Hissar, called the "Khak i Balkh," from a tradition that when the Afghans took that city they half-filled their grain-bags with earth taken from it, and which they threw down where it now lies as a trophy of conquest. I fear the mounds are too large, and too closely resemble the neighbouring soil, to admit of the reception of this proud legend.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cabool—Agent from Moorad Beg of Koondooz—Letter from the Chief—His change of policy—Answer given to it—The Envoy's character of his Chief—Dr. Lord's journey to Koondooz—Extracts from his letters—Arrival and reception—Conversations with Moorad Beg—The invalid's a hopeless case—The Chief's friendship—Lieutenant Wood's journey—Syud of Talikhan, the friend of Moorcroft—Atalik Beg—Moorcroft's books, &c.—Date of his death—Mr. Trebeck's character—Customs of Uzbeks—Marriages—Man-selling—Traffic in wives—Mode of salaam—Circumcision—Enormous eating—Horse-racing and prizes—Amusements.

On our return to Cabool I had the unexpected pleasure of finding there an Elchee, or agent, from Moorad Beg, the chief of Koondooz. Ever since my arrival in the country I had been endeavouring to conciliate this hostile personage: I had addressed not only his minister, but the ruler himself, by the intervention of certain merchants. I had not forgotten the dangerous situation in which I had once found myself in his country; and, as subsequent conduct on his part towards Dr. Gerard and Mr. Vigne showed that his asperity towards Europeans was little abated, I was not prepared for the gratifying prospect that now developed itself. The Elchee waited upon me, and presented to me the following letter from his master. It was addressed to "Sikunder Burnes, Firingee Angrez," and after sundry compliments ran thus: "I have heard much of you and the great wisdom you possess: I have learned from many quarters that you are as the renowned Hippocrates among wise men. My younger brother has become dim-sighted: if you can cure him I will be very thankful to you, and send him to Cabool. If it please God that the eyes of my brother be cured, you will have a great name throughout Toorkistan (Tartary). The bearer of this, Mirza Budeea, will tell you all, and rely upon what he says. Accept also the horse, which I send to you as a rarity from this country and a remembrance of me."

Here indeed was a change of fortune, when contrasted with that day on which I had been dragged as a suspected culprit to Koondooz. An opportunity was now afforded us not only of terminating Moorad Beg's hostility, but also of making him our friend, and, by his means, of pushing our inquiries even to Pamere and the sources of the Oxus. The time was not one for hesitation, and the plans determined upon will be fully shown by my reply to his epistle, which was as follows: "I have received your letter with the greatest satisfaction, and I feel sensibly the confidence which you place in me, and still more so the high opinions which you entertain of European knowledge. It is a source of much regret to me that one so dear to you as a brother should labour under a disease so afflicting as a threatened loss of sight; but where would be the proof of the friendly feelings which I entertain towards you, if I allowed such a one to cross the snows of Hindoo Koosh and seek for medical aid in Cabool? In company with me is a physician renowned and skilled in the sciences of Europe: the cure of disease is in the hands of God, but Dr. Lord and Mr. Wood will omit nothing which can render their services valuable to you. These gentlemen are servants of the Government of India, and my fellow-travellers: they are very dear to me, and I commend them to your care. That which has passed between your confidential agent, Mirza Budeea, and myself will be made known to you: the promise which he has made to me, as to the restoration of the papers and books of the lamented Moorcroft, is worthy of yourself. As the sight of your own brother is dear to you, so are the relics of a countryman who died in a distant country dear to all his friends and relations." Dr. Lord and Lieutenant Wood forthwith made every

arrangement for commencing this highly interesting journey, as it was resolved that they themselves should be the bearers of this letter, and also of sundry curiosities as presents to the chief. All this was arranged not without reluctance on the part of Dost Mahommed Khan, who wished to summon the Uzbek to Cabool: his objections, however, were at last overcome, and the prediction of the 'Edinburgh Review,' when speaking of my last work, was thus fully verified: "The turbulence of Moorad Beg *has* been subdued by a mission."

Before, however, I relate the departure of my fellow-travellers, I must give a few particulars of the information which I received from Mirza Budeea, a loquacious, simple-minded, but honest Uzbek, who stood high in the confidence of the chief of Koondooz; nor am I deterred from doing so by the subsequent and more accurate information acquired during the journey of the two travellers.

The Mirza faithfully promised me to attend with zeal and fidelity to the wants of my companions, and enlarged on the bounty of his master to every one, even to those he subdued. He dwelt at great length on the activity which he evinced in his "chupaos," or forays; on the liberality which led him to kill fifteen sheep a-day in his own house, and sometimes to entertain 1000 persons; and seemed, in fact, lost in admiration of the "tyrant of Koondooz," on whose fame and power he discoursed *con amore*. "My master," said he, "can bring 20,000 good cut-horses to proceed on 'allamanee' (plunder) for forty days; and man and beast will exist, each day, on three handsful of grain and a bit of bread as large as the hand." He stated that the Mir was accustomed to assemble these men at a certain place, and that none knew what would be the direction of the foray, whether to the Huzara country, to near Candahar, Balkh, Durwaz, Shughnan, Shah Kutore's country, or to that of the Kaffirs. He added that the only people who were harshly treated in the Koondooz dominions were those whose countries had been captured, and that this was necessary for the preservation of peace; but Shah Mahmood of Doornaz, whom without interrogation he called the descendant of Alexander the Great, had, he said, been much favoured. "We Uzbeks," said Mirza Budeea, "live on horseback: we have none of your trading as in Cabool. Dost Mahommed bids me inform my master that man-selling is discreditable; but I tell him to negotiate with his new ally, the king of Bokhara, and make him prohibit man-purchasing, and that then the enormity of man-selling would soon cease. We have the power to shut up the caravan-roads from Cabool to Bokhara," continued he, "which would injure both places and not in the least affect us—we scorn to do it: we dress in mottled garments, the produce of our own country and Toorkistan, while every one here wears European chintzes, &c., and their ruler's subsistence is largely derived from the duties levied on those articles: from such a source Moorad Beg has never sought profit. He lives contentedly at Koondooz: the eastern part of his country he gives to his son, Shah Moorad Khan, who has the title of Atalik Khan, and also rules over Budukshan, Shughnan, and Talighan: to his brother, Mahmood Beg, he intrusts his northern limits, Bulijeewan, &c.; while he himself at Koondooz manages the country south and west of it. The whole stretch of his power is about fifty days' journey, from Sir-i-kool to near Balkh, although he interferes but little with some of the intervening tracts. From Shughnan he takes but 500 'yamoos,' or ingots of silver: from Chitral he receives slaves more beautiful than the Kaffirs, and these he distributes to his Begs, or sends to Bokhara: he mulcts no strangers who come to his country, and even Chinese may pass through it." I have thus left the Elchee to speak for himself, and my own leading questions to be inferred. He said he had *partly* satisfied himself that we were not infidels, but had a good book of our own and much knowledge; adding that he had five sons, and begging me to write their names down in the book of Firingees. After this long conversation we strolled about the garden in which was our residence, and which was beautifully adorned with variegated stock and other flowers; and I asked him if Toorkistan had such a display? His reply did not do

much honour to his taste: "Fools and fakeers (devotees)," he said, "only attend to such things." Mirza Budee, however, proved himself an amiable, worthy man. I regret to add that he was barbarously assassinated a few months after this interview.

On the third of November Dr. Lord and Lieutenant Wood set out on their journey by Purwan* and the Sir-aulung Pass, in ascending which they experienced a terrific snow-storm: some of their followers became incoherent in their speech, others went raving mad; and the party were compelled to return to Cabool, and finally took the road by Bamian. I shall leave them hereafter to describe their own adventures, and will at present only give the following extracts from Dr. Lord's letters to myself: they will be read with deep interest, and with a melancholy regret at the death of their energetic and accomplished writer:—

"*Koondooz, 7th Dec.*, 1837.

"We left Cabool on the 15th of November, and arrived here in perfect health and safety on the 4th of the present month, having experienced no difficulty worth mentioning on the way. On the 21st we had reached Bamian, and next day entered Mir Moorad Beg's territories, from which moment the Mirza Budeea took on himself the duties of Mihmandar, and continued to perform them with the utmost regularity and attention. We held the direct road as far as Koorum, which being his jag-hire, we halted there one day to oblige him, and had the satisfaction to receive a letter from the Mir expressing his regret at the difficulties he heard we had experienced in our first attempt at crossing Hindoo Koosh, and his satisfaction at hearing that we had now safely reached his country. There was a letter from Atma Dewan Begee, requesting we would send him full information of our movements, and when we might be expected. To this I despatched an answer; but our messenger had delayed so much on the road, that we reached Aleeabad, within one stage of Koondooz, before he had delivered his letter. In consequence, on our arrival at Aleeabad there was no one to meet us as had been intended. The Mirza expressed much disappointment at this, and requested leave to precede us next morning, saying he was certain the cassid could not have arrived. He did so, and about four miles from Koondooz we were met by the Dewan Begee himself, who, on receiving from the Mirza news of our approach, had hurried out to receive us with whatever horsemen were at hand. We afterwards learned it was intended the Mir's brother (my patient) should have come, but he happened to be asleep when the Mirza arrived: he came, however, to visit us on the very evening of our arrival, at a most comfortable house of Atma's, where we dismounted, and which has been placed entirely at our disposal. We received also a congratulatory message from the Mir, desiring us to consider the country as our own: this was followed by a present of tea and sweetmeats; and next morning, having heard that we had used native costume on our journey, he sent each of us a full suit of Uzbek clothing and a present in money of 200 rupees. He also intimated that we might name our own time for paying him a visit, which, as we required a day to prepare, we arranged for the following morning. In the evening I had a long visit from Atma, who came after dinner and sat with me more than three hours; during which I took occasion to explain to him the objects of your mission as far as they could be interesting to him; mentioned the views of our government in opening the navigation of the Indus, and their intention of establishing a fair somewhere on its banks. He appeared much pleased and struck with the intelligence, and made many inquiries respecting the rate of tolls, duties, &c. I mentioned Runjeet Sing's fleet of twenty boats going to Bombay, and said

* It was at this very place that Dr. Lord afterwards fell, in the last action with Dost Mahommed Khan, on the 2d of November, 1840, when two squadrons of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry basely fled before our eyes and sacrificed their officers. I had to deplore the loss of two dear friends, Dr. Lord, and Lieutenant J. S. Broadfoot, of the Bengal Engineers, an officer of the highest promise.

our government as an encouragement had promised they should enter free of all duties.

"Just as I had written this, Atma called and brought with him a letter of yours, which had been round by the way of Khooloom, and had only just been forwarded by his agent, Chumundass. It was opened and read in my presence, and he was evidently most highly gratified by the expressions of friendship it contained, and which I assured him were no more than what you really felt: he has desired me in return to give his best salaam, and assure you that himself and everything he has shall be at our service as long as we remain here.

"But to continue my journal.

"Next day, December 6th, we went to wait on the Mir. He appeared to us quite a plain, good old man; came outside his door and down his steps to receive us; gave us his hand, invited us in, and placed us at the top of the hall, while he himself sat down at one side, and those few courtiers who were allowed to sit occupied the other: the greater number stood below a couple of pillars which divided the upper from the lower end of the hall. The Mir then inquired after your health, and said it was an honour that Firingees had come to visit him. After a little conversation I produced your letter, which was read, and which he pronounced at its termination to be full of kindness. I then said you had sent some presents, of which, though not worthy of him, you begged his acceptance. This, he said, was quite unexpected—our coming he looked on as a great thing, and never looked for anything more: on the presents being produced he examined each of them with much attention, appeared pleased, and, I heard afterwards from the Mirza, was highly satisfied. He then resumed the conversation, inquired about the relative size of Firingistan (Europe) and Hindostan, the nature of our power in the latter, and whether it had any other king than ours: this enabled me to mention the kings whom we had pensioned, with which he seemed much struck; and one of his Mirzas explained to him that it was the policy of the English, when they conquered a country, to keep in place those whom they found in it, by which means they avoided driving people to despair, and more easily attached them to their government. He then inquired whether the Russians or English were the cleverest: to which the same Mirza, a Peshawuree as I have since learned, at once replied that the English were far the cleverest people in all Firingistan; an assertion which I did not feel myself called on to contradict. After a little further conversation we took our leave, and I next went to visit my patient, and regret to say his case is almost hopeless, being amaurosis (gutta serena), complete and of eight years' standing in one eye, incomplete and of eighteen months' duration in the other. I have fairly informed him that I consider the former quite gone, and that I have but slender hopes of benefiting the latter; but that, as his general health, and particularly his digestive powers, seem much impaired, I shall require some time to improve these before I give him a definite answer regarding the chances of recovering his eye-sight. On this understanding I have commenced his treatment.

"I had almost forgotten to say that during our interview with the Mir, though he spoke freely of Moorcroft, and mentioned his knowledge of Persian and Toorkie, yet he avoided saying anything of his books and papers, which were expressly mentioned in your letter. I have since heard that there has been some difficulty about procuring them, and that they are not yet arrived, which probably may account for his silence."

"*Khamu-abad*, 13*th January*, 1838.

"You will perceive by the date that I am at the place where your anxieties reached their acmé, and received their happy termination. I came here four days since to give my patient the last chance in the benefit of a purer air than Koondooz: I am now perfectly convinced that the case is utterly hopeless, and should have announced this before but for my fear of compromising Wood, and my

anxiety to have him back and ready to start with me, should it be necessary, as soon as I have made the communication. I have, however, told my patient that I am now trying the last and most powerful remedies, and that, if within forty days no effect is produced, it will be in vain to continue them any longer, and he must submit to what is written in his destiny.

"The way is thus paved; and meantime I am looking round for some other way of maintaining my footing here, as the road back will not be open for nearly four months.

"And your letter has given me, I think, no bad commencement. On receipt of it I rode into Koondooz, and, waiting on the Mir, said I had come, by your orders, to offer your best thanks for all his kindness to Wood and myself since we arrived in his country, more particularly his having allowed Wood to go to the source of the Oxus, a favour which Firingees highly appreciated. This was received most graciously; and I then went on to inform him that Candahar had seceded from the Persian interest and was now anxious for the friendship of our government, in consequence of which a Firingee had been despatched there. In telling him this I only told him what common report would have brought to him in half an hour afterwards, as the cassid had begun to spread it everywhere. This intelligence proved as highly satisfactory as I had anticipated, for the Persians are equally hated and feared here; it also produced divers exclamations of astonishment—'What wonderful men these Firingees are! Three months ago four of them came into the country; now one is at Cabool, one at Candahar, one here, and one at the source of the Oxus. Wullah! billah! they neither eat, drink, nor sleep: all day they make syl [enjoy themselves], and all night they write books!' When these exclamations were over I inquired what news he might have from the seat of war; 'Hech,' (nothing,) he said; 'people will talk' (gup me zunund), 'but the news of one day is the lie of the next: however,' said he, 'I wish very much I had some sure information what these Kuzzilbash dogs are about, as some people say they are coming this way.' This was the very point I wanted to bring him to, as I was myself just at the same loss for information to send you: so I said at once, 'What difficulty can there be about this? If it is your pleasure, I will send off a man who will go to Mei-muna, and, please God, even to the Persian camp, and will tell us all that is going on.' 'By all means,' said his highness, who, much as he wanted information, seems never to have thought of this simple way of getting it—'by all means, send three, four, six men: let us have good pookhtee (information) every day, and when it comes let me know of it.' 'Bu chusm,' (on my eyes,) said I; and, fortified with this permission, I have started off Rujab Khan this morning, who is to go first to Balkh, where he is acquainted with some few families who have connections in Herat, and will probably have good information. He is then to go on through Akchu, Siripul, and Shibberghan to Mei-muna, getting the statistics of these little independent states on his way. From Mei-muna he is to send me another cassid, and also either to go himself or procure some one to go and reconnoitre the Persian camp. He is also, on leaving it, to engage some of his friends there to write him occasionally, should there be anything new: so that I hope by this arrangement to get you not only present information, but a continuance of it while the war is in that quarter, and that without committing either you or myself.

"During the whole interview Moorad Beg was, I think, in better humour than I have seen him before, though he has always been gracious; and I afterwards heard from Atma that he was much pleased at the idea of my coming in from Khánúábád to make 'salaam,' as attending his durbar is called here.

"Before taking my leave I represented that, as Talikan was but a short distance from Khánúábád, I meant, with his permission, to go down there for one night, in order to make my salaam to the holy man there. 'Why not?' said he. 'Go everywhere, and see what you like.' I here terminated our interview, with which I am the more satisfied as some unpleasant rumours had reached me re-

specting his dissatisfaction at my not having done his brother any benefit; and it was in some measure to test their accuracy that I made the visit, and to his inquiries after his brother's eyes answered distinctly that I saw no improvement. I therefore entertain hopes that, even after I have announced the melancholy truth, I may not find my situation here wholly untenable; and may even get permission to ramble along the banks of the Oxus, the fords of which I wish to examine, as Wood seems to have turned his back upon them.

"Yesterday was altogether, as Dominie Sampson would say, 'a white day;' for, on returning here in the evening after this successful interview, I was saluted by a man who turned out to be a messenger bearing a letter from the 'holy man of Talikan,' every word of which was a full-blown rose in the garden of friendship. Of course I 'khoosh amudeid' the worthy gentleman; told him of the leave I had that day received to pay my respects to his master, who, I said, was well known through all Firingistan as the friend of our nation; tied a turban round his head; and sent him back with a letter containing as many peonies as his master's had roses, and announcing my intention of making my salaam within a few days at furthest. I look on this man as no bad peg to hold by in case of accidents, and have prepared a grand posteen (fur pelisse) to invest him with on occasion of my visit."

"*Koondooz, 30th January*, 1838.

"You will be prepared to hear that I have given up my patient's case as hopeless; but the resignation with which this destruction of all his hopes of regaining his sight has been borne, both by himself and Mir Moorad Beg, is far greater than either you or I could have anticipated, and in fact is such as to do high honour to the Uzbek character. I had from the first declared the case to be one of extreme difficulty; and, latterly, told him that one after another of my remedies had proved ineffectual, and that the slight hope I originally might have had was daily becoming less. My final announcement he anticipated by sending me a message on the evening of the 17th to this effect:—'He felt it was written in his destiny that he was not to recover his sight: he was satisfied I had done everything possible, but that he was now resigned to the will of God, and content to go back to his own house convinced that a cure was not to be expected.' These were so nearly my own sentiments on the matter that I did not offer much opposition. I said, 'If he wished for my advice it was this—that he should persist in the use of the remedies twenty days longer, within which time, if there was no amendment, I was hopeless; but that if he was determined on going now I had little to say against it, as my hopes of ultimate improvement were now very slight.' I added, 'It would be well he should think it over for the night, and that in the morning I would call and hear his decision.' With these words I dismissed the mission, which consisted of Mousa Yessawul, the governor of Khánábád, at which place we then were, Zohrab Khan, the governor of Inderab, and a Mirza.

"About 8 P.M., having heard that the Mir had finally determined no longer to struggle against his fate, I went over to take leave of him and offer such consolations as might occur to me. He expressed himself in every way satisfied with the exertions I had made, said he was under obligations which he never should forget; and begged I would continue his guest as long as it suited me to remain in the country, every part of which I was at liberty to visit. He added numerous other expressions of kindly feeling, and explained that he had given orders to Mousa Yessawul that all my wishes were to be attended to. He then reverted to his own melancholy condition, and, losing all composure, burst into tears, accusing himself loudly of the many crimes he had committed, and acknowledging the hand of God in the judgment which had now overtaken him. The scene was a strange mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous. I could not help sympathising sincerely with the poor old man and his son, a fine lad of fifteen, who

shared deeply in his father's grief; but then every broad-faced Uzbek about the room, seeing his chief in tears, thought it incumbent on him to blubber a little also, and the wry faces some of them made in attempting to look melancholy were perfectly irresistible.

"I was obliged to bury my face in my sleeves, and hope I too got credit for crying a little. After the first burst of grief was over, I took on me the office of comforter. I said 'He had undoubtedly committed crimes, as all men had, but then he had also done much that was good: he had cherished the ryot, distributed justice, and I had with my own eyes seen that the people who lived under him were contented and happy.' I added that God had taken away one blessing, but had given him many—lands, houses, children, wealth, and power; that it became him to look on these, not on what was taken away, and to be thankful. I further advised him to have the Koran constantly read to him, and to reflect on the instability of this world; and having so said I got up and went away.

"Next morning the old man returned to Koondooz, and I, wishing to commence my new game by leading off a trump card, started to pay my long-promised visit to Moorcroft's Syud.

"The village of the Holy Man is about six miles on the other side of Talikán, in all thirty miles from Khánábád. I reached it about four in the afternoon, and on dismounting was conducted to a small, neatly-carpeted apartment, where I was told to expect a visit from the Syud as soon as he should have finished his afternoon devotions. In about half an hour he came. I stooped to kiss his hand in acknowledgment of his sanctity, when he gently raised and embraced me: I then endeavoured to express to him the obligation which I, in common with all Firingees, felt to him for the service he had rendered our ill-fated countryman, Moorcroft, and added that it was a favour which none of us should forget. I explained to him that this was the very first day I had been disengaged since my arrival in Moorad Beg's territories, and that I had impatiently awaited the opportunity it afforded me of expressing to him these the common sentiments of my nation. He appeared gratified, but modestly disclaimed any merit, saying it was not in his power to do much for Moorcroft. He added that it astonished him not a little to find that so trifling an action as it had appeared to him at the time should have reached a country so remote and so great as ours. After a little further conversation, in which I said I had been charged to add your acknowledgments to my own, he retired, and soon after slaves made their appearance, leaving trays of pilaos and sweetmeats, to which my long ride induced me to do ample justice.

"After dinner he again came, and sat with me nearly an hour. The conversation ran chiefly on European politics, and commerce, as connected with India and Persia. Knowing his influence over the mind of Moorad Beg, I took occasion to explain to him the objects of your mission, and more particularly the intention of our government to establish a great annual fair on the banks of the Indus, and showed the benefits which must arise from this to the Mir, whose country would necessarily be the grand line of communication between Hindostan and Toorkistan. He seemed perfectly to comprehend all my sentiments, and made several inquiries that evinced his intelligence. He then inquired what I meant to do with myself until the road back should be open. (I had informed him that I had relinquished Mahomed Beg's case as hopeless.) I replied, that if the Mir would permit me, I wished to travel a little about his country, as it was the custom of Firingees to observe everything that came in their way. He said he had heard this from Moorcroft, and thought I should find no difficulty here. Before I went away he again expressed his astonishment at our being acquainted with what he had done for Moorcroft. 'Is it really a fact,' said he, 'that this is known in Firingistan?' 'Wullah, billah,' said I; 'the very children repeat the name of Syud Mahomed Kasim, the friend of the Firingees.' He did not attempt to conceal his satisfaction. 'God is great!' said he; 'feel my pulse.' 'Praise be to God,' said I, 'what strength and firmness! If it please God, one half your

life is not yet passed.' We stroked our beards, said a 'fatha,' or blessing, and the old man departed. I saw him again in the morning, when I was about to return: he had been praying from cock-crow until past nine o'clock He stopped for a few moments as he passed my door, said a few words of inquiry, asked for some medicine for his eyes, and, having ordered breakfast to be brought me, took his leave.

"On proceeding to mount I found a handsome young horse, which he had ordered to be presented to me in return for some articles I had given him. A man also was in readiness to show me the salt-mines, which I had expressed a wish to see.

"Having visited them. I thought it well to make my salaam to the heir-apparent, Atalik Beg, as I was in his vicinity. He received me in the same distinguished manner his father had done—standing outside his own door, with all his court drawn up around him—placed me in the highest seat, and at my departure presented me with a horse and a dress of honour. The two first tricks being thus clearly won, I thought it proper to lose no time in going to Koondooz, to ascertain my fate there.

"The day after my arrival (22d January) I had visits from Atma and Mirza Buddeea, who both assured me that the Mir's friendly disposition towards me was not in the least altered by the result of his brother's case, which, he said, was his destiny. Atma further added that Mahomed Beg, my patient, in passing through, had spoken of me in the highest terms, as not only possessing professional skill, but as 'being perfectly acquainted with good manners,' and as having paid him every possible attention. This is all as it should be."

* * * * * *

In the middle of April Dr. Lord and Lieutenant Wood set out from Koondooz, on their return to Cabool; and previous to their departure the books of Moorcroft, with a few of his papers, were made over to them: with these poor Lord sent to me the following interesting memorandum:—

"I have to present to you a list of books and papers belonging to the late Mr. Moorcroft, which I have been so fortunate as to recover during my recent journey to Toorkistan.

"For the greater part of them I am indebted to Mir Mahommed Moorad Beg, who, immediately on my arrival at Koondooz, wrote to the Khan of Muzar, desiring that all such relics of the European traveller should forthwith be sent. In reply to this, fifty volumes, all of printed works, were immediately forwarded; the remainder, including the map, Mr. Moorcroft's passport in English and Persian from the Marquis of Hastings, and a MS. volume, with several loose MS. sheets, chiefly of accounts, I was enabled to recover when, by the Mir's permission, I myself made a visit to Khooloom and Muzar.

"I think the evidence I have received proves, as strongly as the nature of negative evidence will admit, that no MS. papers of any value belonging to that ill-fated expedition remain to be recovered.

"I paid every person who brought books; and always explained that I would give double reward for anything that was written; and though in consequence of this several sheets of MS. were brought me, they never appeared, on examination, to contain anything beyond accounts and such routine matters. Now, as the natives must be unable to make the distinction, the chances evidently are, that, if any papers of importance existed, one or two of them at least would have found their way to me amongst the number presented.

"I append a letter from Mirza Humeedoodeen, the principal secretary to the Khan of Muzar, and a man who attended Mr. Trebeck in his last moments, saying that two printed and one MS. volumes are in existence at Shehr Subz, and that he had sent a man to recover them for me. As I have since been obliged to leave the country, and as all communication is, by the present state of affairs at

Cabool, rendered impossible, I mention this fact as well worthy the attention of some future traveller.

"The map is in itself a document of much interest, as containing Mr. Moorcroft's route, traced evidently with his own hand, and continued as far as Akcha, within one stage of Andkhoee, where he is known to have fallen a victim, not more I believe to the baneful effects of the climate than to the web of treachery and intrigue by which he found himself surrounded and his return cut off. On the back of the map is a MS. sketch of the route through Andkhoee to Mei-muna, and back through Sireepool to Balkh, as though he had planned a tour though these little independent states, partly perhaps to see the horses for which they are famed, and partly to while away the uneasiness of expectation till a safe-conduct should be granted him through the territories of the ruler of Koondooz. We can thus almost trace the last object that engaged his mind, and in the prosecution of which he laid down his life.

"Connected with this I beg to subjoin a slip of paper which I found amongst a pile of loose accounts, and which bears, in Mr. Trebeck's writing, the following entry, date September 6th, 1825:—

"'Arrived at Balkh, August 25th. Mr. M. died August 27th.'

"This places the date of Mr. Moorcroft's death beyond a doubt; and also, I think, affords negative evidence against the supposition of its having been caused by any unfair means.

"But the same paper is further interesting from an accidental coincidence. The Mirza, I have before mentioned, accompanied me from Tash Koorghan to Muzar, and in the course of conversation, which naturally turned in a great measure on the melancholy fate of Moorcroft's party, he said that, about a month before the death of Trebeck, he had one day gone to him, by desire of the Khan, to purchase some pearls which he heard he had. Trebeck produced the pearls; but, when questioned about the price, said, in a desponding tone, 'Take them for what you please; my heart is broken: what care I for price now?' The entry is this:—

Total on the strings	. . . .	280 grs.
Oct. 15th. Taken by Mirza	. . .	131 grs. or 4 miskals.
" 16th. Taken by Dewan Beghee	.	33 grs. or 1 miskal.

"It will be observed no price is affixed: probably none was received. A stranger in a foreign land, far from the soothing voice of his countrymen or kinsfolk, surrounded by rude hordes, who looked on him as the only obstacle to possessing themselves of the countless treasures which they believed to be in his charge, his youthful spirit pined and sunk. The bright visions with which he had commenced his career had long since vanished; where he had looked for pleasures he had found toils; where for rest he had to guard against dangers; sickness had carried off many of the companions with whom he had set out; and when at last it struck his guide, his own familiar friend, to whom he looked for support under every adversity, and for rescue from every difficulty, and when in addition he found that all hopes of return to his native land seemed, if not cut off, at least indefinitely deferred,—his heart, as he too truly says, was broken, and in a few short weeks he sunk into an untimely grave. I should apologise for a digression unsuited, I confess, to the character of an official paper, but it is impossible to hear the warm terms in which poor Trebeck is still mentioned by the rude natives among whom he died, without feeling the deepest sympathy in the fate of one who fell

'So young, and yet so full of promise.'

"It is only necessary I should add one or two more observations. The account-book, which I now forward, is a valuable document in more respects than one. It contains an accurate list of the stock originally purchased by Mr. Moorcroft when starting for his journey, and will serve to modify considerably the

extravagant ideas that have been entertained of the quantities of goods which he carried. Taken in connection with the loose MS. accounts, it will serve also to evince that the greater part of this stock was sold off previous to his leaving Bokhara, and, as far as my information goes, I am inclined to believe the proceeds were chiefly expended in the purchase of horses, of which I understand he had when he died somewhat under a hundred, including specimens of all the best Uzbek and Toorkooman breeds.

"The account-book is further interesting, as containing, in Mr. Moorcroft's own handwriting, a list of the articles which he offered on his presentation to the King of Bokhara; and a note at the end, to the effect that the King had in return ordered him a remission of the duties on his merchandise, rather more than equaling the estimated value of the goods. It is further satisfactory to be able to add, on the authority of several Bokhara merchants who were on terms of intimacy with him during his stay in that city, that his character was highly appreciated by the King, who frequently sent for him to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation, and conferred on him the high privilege, never before granted to a Christian, of riding through the city, and even to the gate of the King's palace, on horseback.

"In addition to the list of his merchandise, this account-book contains also a list of his private property, which, it appears, Mr. Moorcroft was obliged by order of the Koosh Begee to make out on entering Bokhara. From this list we learn he possessed ninety volumes of books. The number I have recovered, and which I have now the honour to place at your disposal, is fifty-seven. Amongst them are several odd volumes, of which the sets, if complete, would give an addition of about thirty—total eighty-seven; so that there are probably not more than two or three volumes of which we may not consider ourselves to have ascertained the fate. As to MSS., I have already shown the high improbability that any of consequence have eluded our researches.

"Scattered through the printed volumes, numerous notes and corrections in Mr. Moorcroft's own handwriting will be found. Of these some, referring incidentally to the dangers of his journey, or laying down plans as to the route by which he meant to return, cannot be read without emotion.

"In conclusion, it is but justice to add that the impression everywhere left by this enterprising but ill-fated party has been in a high degree favourable to our national character.

"Translation of a letter from Mirza Humeeoodeen to P. B. Lord, Esq.:—

"'A. C. Two books and one MS. are in the city of Shuhr Subz. I have sent a person to bring them, and when they reach me I shall send them to you. In all things I will never forget your kind offices. Let me always hear of your welfare. Believe what this man says, and that I am your well-wisher. Dated Mohurrum, 1254, A. H.'"

While at Koondooz, Dr. Lord wrote a single sheet on the customs of the Uzbeks, which I give entire, as illustrative of their manners:—

"At weddings, a party of the friends of the bride and bridegroom, provided with large quantities of flour mixed with ashes, meet in the open plain, and have a grand engagement until one party is obliged to turn and fly. After that, peace is made; and they both join at a great entertainment. Sometimes serious consequences arise if the beaten party get enraged. It is only a few years since the Mir's son, Malik Khan, married the daughter of Nuzry Min Bashee, a Kutaghan of his own tribe of Kaysumár. On this occasion each party came provided with twenty-one jowals of wheat and an equal quantity of ashes, the Mir himself heading his own party: he was beaten, and pursued about two kos from the field; when, suddenly losing his temper, he turned about, and ordered his party to draw swords and charge, to the no little dismay, it may be supposed, of the victor. Some white-beards, however, interfered, and prevented the effusion of blood.

"Men here sell their wives, if they get tired of them. This is by no means uncommon; but the man is obliged to make the first offer of her to her family,

naming the price, which if they do not give, he is at liberty to sell her to any one else. On the death of a man his wives all become the property of his next brother; who may marry them or sell them, giving the pre-option, as before, to their own families.

"Jándad, a Kaboolee Attari, to whom I spoke of the custom of selling wives, which I did not entirely credit, said, 'I'll tell you what happened to myself. I was one day returning from Khanuabad; and, being overtaken by darkness, halted for the night at Turnab, three kos short of this. After feeding my horse and going to the house for shelter, I found three men busily engaged; and, inquiring the subject of their conversation, was told that one of them was selling his wife to the other, but that they had not agreed about terms. Meantime, Khúda Bérdí Ming, Bashí and chief of the village, came in, and whispered to me that, if I could go halves with him, he would purchase the woman, as he had seen her and found her very beautiful. I agreed; upon which we purchased her for seventy rupees, thirty-five each, and she went home with me for that night. Next morning Khúda Bérdi came, and said that partnership in a woman was a bad thing, and asked me how I intended to manage. I said she should stay with me one month, and then go to him next. To that he would by no means agree; because, if sons or daughters were born, there would be disputes to know to whom they belonged. "In short," said he, "either do you give me five rupees profit on my share, and take her altogether, or I will give you the same profit on your share, and she shall be altogether mine." To this latter alternative I consented; and she is now living with him, as every one well knows.'

"A man who has a daughter marriageable must give intimation of it to the Mir, who sends his chief eunuch to inspect her: if handsome, he takes her; if not, he gives permission that she should marry another.

"Every man who meets the Mir out riding dismounts as he passes, and gives him the 'salâm alaikúm.' The rulers of districts, and other employés, are expected to come at least four or five times a-year to make their salâm. The mode is,—on entering the door each shouts out 'Salâm alaikúm' as loud as he can; then runs forward, falls on his knees, and, taking the Mir's hand between both of his, places it to his forehead, or kisses it, I could not clearly see which, and exclaiming 'Tukseer' (pardon me), retires to the wall, where he stands, and answers any questions the Mir may ask about his government; after which he mixes with the crowd, or walks out as soon as he pleases. On these occasions an offering is brought,—horses, slaves, &c.,—which are paraded for the Mir's approval.

"A child is circumcised at the age of seven or ten years. This is a time of the greatest festivity among the Uzbeks; and on such occasions considerable expense is incurred, and feasts given which last fifteen or twenty days. The eating is truly enormous; but, indeed, to our ideas, it is always so: two Uzbeks not unfrequently devouring an entire sheep, with a proportional quantity of rice, bread, ghee, &c., between them; and afterwards cramming in water-melons, musk-melons, or other fruit: but these they say go for nothing, being only water. On the occasions to which I have referred horse-racing is a favourite amusement, and the horses for the purpose are generally trained for a fortnight or three weeks preceding; and they require this—for a race here is not a matter of one or two mile heats, but a regular continued run for twenty or twenty-five kos (forty or fifty miles) across the country, sometimes wading through morasses and swimming rivers, but more frequently crossing their magnificent extended plains; one of which, as level as our best race-courses and with a beautiful green turf covering, not unfrequently extends the entire distance to be run. The scene on these occasions is highly animated, as not only the racers, generally about twenty in number, set off, but the whole of the sporting assembly, perhaps 100, or even 500 in number, accompany them, at least for the first three or four miles. A judge has been sent on in advance, and the competitors seldom return till the next day. The prizes are certainly worth some exertion; and in one case, when the donor was a

man of good substance, they were as follows: the first, and most classical, was a young maiden, generally a Huzarah or Chitrali, both prized for their personal attractions; the second, fifty sheep; the third, a boy; the fourth, a horse; the fifth, a camel; the sixth, a cow; and the seventh, a *water-melon*; the winner of which becomes an object of ridicule and banter for the rest of the meeting.

"Another and more amusing kind of race is the following:—One man places a goat on the horse before him, and sets off at full gallop; fifteen or twenty others immediately start off after him, and whichever of these can seize the goat, and get safe off with it beyond the reach of the rest, retains it for his prize. The rapidity with which the goat sometimes changes masters is very laughable; but the poor animal is occasionally torn to pieces in the scuffle.

"A third game, called Kubach, requires no little dexterity in the use of fire-arms, and, indeed, looking at the wretched matchlocks which they usually carry, I doubt whether success in it can ever be more than a matter of chance. A kuddoo (a small kind of gourd), hollowed out and filled with flour, is erected on the top of a pole two spears high. Those who are to make trial of their skill stand in a row, about four hundred yards distant, and each in succession, putting his horse to full speed, discharges his matchlock at the object whenever he pleases. Most fire when just under it, others on the advance; but the acmé of perfection is to turn round on your horse and strike it after you have passed. The flour flying out at once proclaims success, and the victor at this sport is rewarded with one hundred rupees, and a khillât, or dress of honour. The prize is generally given by the Mir himself, when he happens to be present on those occasions.

"On an attentive examination, I fully satisfied myself that anything like deliberate aim was totally out of the question; even the Uzbeks themselves, when questioned, admitted that it was all by chance."

These interesting details were not, however, the full fruit of Dr. Lord's labours at Koondooz. He accidentally heard from my old friend Atmá Dewán Begee, the minister of the chief of Koondooz, that he had in his possession two silver plates, or, rather, pateræ, which he had procured from the family of the dethroned chiefs of Budukhshán, who claim descent from Alexander. My poor friend soon made these two treasures his own, and was justly proud of possessing them. One of these pateræ represents the triumphal procession of the Grecian Bacchus, and is of exquisite workmanship: the subject of the other is Sapor slaying the Lion. It is in the style of the monuments at Persepolis, and is less chaste than its companion. I have no hesitation in assigning them to the age of Bactria, from their appearance and the site in which they were found.

I received Dr. Lord's permission, very shortly before his death, to present the first of these pateræ, and some valuable coins, to the Museum at the India House, where they now are. The other relic is at present in my own possession. In coins also Lord's fortune was singularly great, as he procured, from the same quarter, one which is as yet quite unique. It is figured on the plate; and with the gay words in which the lamented discoverer described his treasure I will conclude this long chapter:—"Pends-toi, brave Crillon; nous avons combattu, et tu n'étais pas. I have got such an Eucratides! The great king, Eucratides, with a helmeted head on the obverse (God knows, it may be reverse for all I know), and on the other side the same king with a more melancholy expression of countenance,—no doubt of the cause, for this time he is accompanied by his wife,—two busts on one side, inscription of Eucratides, the son of Heliocles and Laodice. There's something for an article in Prinsep for you." And to the Journal of that ever-to-be-lamented individual I must refer for the article which he did send forth regarding this rarest of all Bactrian reliques.

CHAPTER IX.

The Siah-poosh Kaffirs—Character and customs—Mode of life—Language—Inscriptions at Bajour—Idols—Cashgar—Commerce—Climate—Clouds of red dust—The hot sand of Aksoo—Khoten—Kokan—Maimanu—Andkho—Shibbergam—Siripool—Akehu—Huzara country—Population and descent—Customs—Curious tradition.

I will now digress for a while, and revert to the information which I gathered at Cabool relating to some of the countries north of Hindoo Koosh: it is not, however, my intention to carry the reader over any of the ground of which Lieutenant Wood has treated. I shall endeavour to bear in mind the true spirit of general geography, as defined by the illustrious Rennell, and contemplate not only the objects immediately in view, but direct inquiry to all around. To none did I more anxiously turn my attention than to the Siah-poosh Kaffirs, who occupy the mountainous regions of Northern Afghanistan, and whose history and condition have excited so much interest. In Cabool I met several Kaffirs who had been captured at an advanced age, and were still familiar with the language and manners of their countrymen. I also saw people, both Hindoo and Mahomedan, who had visited the habitations of the Kaffirs, and I had thus an opportunity of hearing what these people thought of themselves, and also how they were viewed by foreigners. The account of the Kaffirs given by Mr. Elphinstone renders it unnecessary for me to repeat many of the details which I received, and which corroborated his statements: on these therefore I shall not touch, my object being to improve our present knowledge, and clear up, if possible, some of the obscurity which still exists.

In speaking of their nation the Kaffirs designate themselves, as the Mahomedans do, Kaffirs, with which name they, of course, do not couple any opprobrious meaning, though it implies infidel. They consider themselves descended of one Korushye, and their Mahomedan neighbours either corrupt the word, or assign them a lineage from Koreish, one of the noblest of the tribes of Arabia, to the language of which country they further state that of the Kaffirs to be allied. A Kaffir assured me that his tribe looked upon all men as brothers who wore ringlets and drank wine.* They have no definite idea of the surrounding countries, Bajour and Kooner, to the south, being the limits of their geographical knowledge. They have no books, nor is reading or writing known in the nation, so that they have no written traditions. Their country has many table-lands, some of which extend for fifteen or twenty miles, and on these there are always villages: Wygul and Camdeesh are on one of those plateaux, and eastward of the latter lies the country of the Mahomedans. The winter is severe, but in summer grapes ripen in great abundance.

The words of a young Kaffir, about eighteen years of age, now in Cabool, will afford the best explanation of many of their customs. His name, as a Kaffir, was Deenbur, as a Mahomedan it has been changed to Fureedoon. He fell into the hands of the Mahomedans eighteen months since, by losing his road when passing from his native village of Wygul to Gimeer, to visit a relative. He is a remarkably handsome young man, tall, with regular Grecian features, blue eyes, and fair complexion, and is now a slave of Dost Mahomed Khan. I give an accurate portrait of him, and the costume of his country as he described it. Two other Kaffir boys, eight and nine years old, who came with him, had ruddy complexions, hazel eyes,

* Since the British entered Afghanistan one of the Kaffirs, near Jullalabad, sent a congratulatory message at the arrival of so many Kaffir brethren as ourselves!

and auburn hair. They had high cheek-bones and less regular features, but still they were handsome and extremely intelligent. Their Kaffir names were Teeuzeer and Choudur, and that of their mothers Rajmal and Biaspagly. None of these three Kaffirs, or two others whom I saw, had any resemblance to the Afghans or even Cashmerians. They looked a distinct race, as the most superficial observer must have remarked on seeing them.

Deenbur said that there was no chief of the Kaffirs, but that great men were called Sabuninash. They do not appear to carry on any combined operations against their neighbours, but retaliate upon them when an invasion of their frontier takes place: they are very inveterate against the Mahomedans, and give no quarter to captives. They possess great ability and activity, qualities which their enemies accord to them. Mahomedans seldom venture to enter their country as travellers, but Hindoos go as merchants and beggars (fakeers), and are not ill-used. I met a Mahomedan who had passed into Budukhshan and was not molested. In killing animals for food, the Kaffirs use no ceremonies: they sacrifice cows and goats to Doghan, the Supreme Being, particularly at a great festival which occurs in the beginning of April, and lasts for ten days. They have idols, and know the Hindoo god, Mahdeo, by name; but they all eat beef, and have either lost their Hindoo belief, or never had anything in common with it. They neither burn nor bury their dead, but place the body in a box, arrayed in a fine dress, which consists of goat-skins or Cashgar woollens: they then remove it to the summit of a hill near the village, where it is placed on the ground, but never interred. Kaffir females till the land: in eating, the men sit apart from the women. They have no tables: the dish containing the meal is placed on a tripod, made of iron rods, of which Deenbur and his companions made a model for me with twigs. They assemble round this and eat, sitting on stools or chairs without backs. They are very fond of honey, wine, and vinegar, all of which they have in abundance. They have no domestic fowls; nor is there a horse in their country: wheat and barley are their grains: there is no juwaree. They are very fond of music and dancing; but in dancing, as in eating, the men separate themselves from the women, and the dance of the one sex differs from that of the other. Both were exhibited to me: that of the men consists of three hops on one foot and then a stamp: the women place their hands on their shoulders and leap with both feet, going round in a circle. Their musical instruments are one of two strings, and a kind of drum.

By Deenbur's account, the mode of life among the Kaffirs would appear to be social, since they frequently assemble at each other's houses, or under the trees which embosom them, and have drinking parties. They drink from silver cups—trophies of their spoils in war. The wine, which is both light and dark, will keep for years, and is made by expressing the juice of the grape under the feet into a large earthen jar, which is described to be of delicate workmanship. Old and young of both sexes drink wine, and grape-juice is given to children at the breast. A Kaffir slave-girl, who became a mother shortly after her arrival in Cabool, demanded wine or vinegar on the birth of her child; the latter was given to her: she caused five or six walnuts to be burned and put into it, drank it off, and refused every other luxury.

The costume of the nation is better explained by a sketch than it can be by description. A successful warrior adds to it a waistband, ornamented with a small bell for every Mahomedan he has killed. His daughter has the privilege of wearing certain ornaments entwined in her hair, made of sea-shells or cowries, which no one else can put on without signal punishment. A Hindoo, who was present at a Kaffir marriage, informed me that the bridegroom had his food given to him behind his back, because he had not killed a Mahomedan. Enmities frequently arise among them; but the most deadly feud may be extinguished by one of the parties kissing the nipple of his antagonist's left breast, as being typical of drinking the milk of friendship. The other party then returns the compliment by kissing the suitor on the head, when they become friends till death. The Kaffirs do not

sell their children to Mahomedans, though a man in distress may sometimes dispose of his servant, or steal a neighbour's child and sell it.

I asked my eldest Kaffir informant if he regretted the loss of his country? and he at once replied that *there* Kaffir customs were best, but *here* he preferred those of Mahomed. He had, however, imbibed a taste for Islam; and observed, that here there was religion, and in his country none. He told me a singular fact of a Kaffir relative of his own, named Shubood, who had been captured, and, becoming a Moollah, travelled, under the name of Korosh, into India, returned about three years ago into Kaffiristan, when he made known many things to the Kaffirs which they never before heard. After a short stay he wished to quit the country, but he was not permitted. The names of the places which Deenbur remembered were Wygul, Gimeer, Cheemee, Kaygul, Minchgul, Ameeshdesh Jamuj, Nishaigram Richgul, Deree, Kuttar, Camdesh, Donggul Pendesh, Villegul, and Savendesh. It is, however, believed that all the inhabitants of Dura i Noor, and other defiles of Hindoo Koosh, north of Cabool and Jullálábád, are converted Kaffirs, which their appearance and language seem to bear out.

The language of the Kaffirs is altogether unintelligible to Hindoos, as well as to their Uzbek and Afghan neighbours. Some of its sounds—soft labials—are scarcely to be pronounced by an European. They are set down as spoken by Deenbur. The short sentences which follow the vocabulary bear, however, an evident affinity to the languages of the Hindoo stock. As the Kaffirs have no written characters, I give them in an English dress. When in the Kohistan of Cabool, near Punjsheer, I had an opportunity of meeting some of the people who speak Pushye, which resembles the dialect of the Kaffirs, as may be supposed from their proximity to them; and, as will be seen in the vocabulary, Pushye is spoken in eight villages named as follows: 1. Eshpein; 2. Eshkein; 3. Soudur; 4. Alisye; 5. Ghyn; 6. Doornama; 7. Doora i Pootta; and 8. Mulaikir;—all of which are situated among or near the seven valleys of Nijrow. The Pushyes are considered a kind of Tajiks by the Afghans.

I have stated the account which the Kaffirs give of themselves: I received the following additional particulars from a Mahomedan who had visited four villages, named Kutar, Gimeer, Deeos, and Sao, all of which are beyond the frontier hamlet of Kmanool, which is inhabited by Neemches Mussulmans, and lies north of Jallálábád. He described the Kaffirs as a merry race, without care; and hoped he would not be considered disrespectful when he stated that he had never seen people more resembling Europeans in their intelligence, habits, and appearance, as well as in their gay and familiar tone over their wine. They have all tight clothes, sit on leathern stools, and are exceedingly hospitable. They always give wine to a stranger; and it is often put in pitchers, like water, at public places, which any one may drink. To ensure a supply of it, they have very strict regulations to prevent the grapes being cut before a certain day. My informant considered the country of the Kaffirs quite open to a traveller if he got a Kaffir to be his security. They have no ferocity of disposition, however barbarous some of their customs may appear; and, besides the mode of ensuring forgiveness already described, he stated that, if a Kaffir has killed ten men of the tribe, he can appease the anger of his enemies by throwing down his knife before them, trampling on it, and kneeling.

Besides my Mahomedan informant, I met a Hindoo at Peshawur who had penetrated into that part of the Kaffir country which is about twenty-five miles beyond Chughansuraee, where he resided for eleven days. Some of his observations are curious. He was protected by a Kaffir, and experienced no difficulties; but he would not have been permitted to go among the more distant Kaffirs: had he attempted to do so, he would either have been killed or compelled to marry and live permanently among them. He was not however convinced of the impracticability of the journey, being kindly treated as far as he went, and admitted to their houses. He saw their dancing, and describes them as being a race of exquisite

beauty, with arched eyebrows and fine complexions. These Kaffirs allow a lock of hair to grow on the right side of their head; and the Hindoo declared that they were of his own creed, as they knew Seva. They had bows and arrows for defence: they pulled the string of the bow with their toes, and their arrows had heads like drooping lilies. Their country had many flowers, and much shade: numerous coins are found in it, resembling those to be procured about Bajour, and some of which have Grecian inscriptions. The worthy Hindoo insisted upon its being a fact that the Kaffirs sold their daughters to Mahomedans according to their size, twenty rupees per span being considered a fair valuation! There is certainly no difficulty in procuring Kaffir slaves; and the high prices which are readily given for them may have induced these poor people, who closely adjoin the Mahomedan countries, to enter upon this unnatural traffic.

But by far the most singular of all the visitors to the Kaffir country of whom I have heard was an individual who went into it from Cabool about the year 1829. He arrived from Candahar, and gave himself out to be a Gubr, or fire-worshipper, and an Ibraheemee, or follower of Abraham, from Persia, who had come to examine the Kaffir country, where he expected to find traces of his ancestors. He associated, whilst in Cabool, with the Armenians, and called himself Shuhryar, which is a name current among the Parsees of these days. His host used every argument to dissuade him from going on such a dangerous journey, but in vain; and he proceeded to Jullálábád and Lughman, where he left his property, and entered the Kaffir country as a mendicant, by way of Nujjeel, and was absent for some months. On his return, after quitting Kaffiristan, he was barbarously murdered by the neighbouring Huzárás of the Ali Purust tribe, whose malik, Oosmán, was so incensed at his countrymen's conduct, that he exacted a fine of 2000 rupees as the price of his blood. All these facts were communicated to me by the Armenians in Cabool; but whether poor Shuhryar was a Bombay Parsee or a Persian Gubr I could not discover, though I am disposed to believe him to have been the latter, as he carried along with him a "rukum," or document from the Shah of Persia. The death of this successful sojourner among the Kaffir tribes is a subject of deep regret; but it holds out a hope that some one may follow the adventurons example of the disciple of Zoroaster, and yet visit the Kaffirs in their native glens. I know not what could have given rise to an identification of the Kaffir race with that of ancient Persia, unless it be the mode of disposing of their dead on hills without interment: but there are certainly traditions all over Afghanistan regarding the Gubrs, or fire-worshippers; and one of their principal cities, called Gurdez, in Zoormut, south of Cabool, yet exists, and even in Baber's time was a place of considerable strength.

The country of the Kaffirs and the districts which adjoin it have also been entered and passed through by many wandering jewellers. One of these individuals had visited Cashgar, beyond Deer; and proceeded thence to the town of Shah Kuttore, under Chitral, and on to Budukhshan, habited as a fakeer, or devotee. He always received bread when he asked for it, but could not with safety have made himself known. The account of this man's journey, and of what he saw during it, is curious. Near a "zyarut," or place of pilgrimage, at Bajour, there is an inscription: I take it to be old Sanscrit. About two miles beyond that place is another inscription; and between the village of Deer and Arab Khan, towards Cashgar, there is a third, at a point where the road is cut through the hill for some yards: it commemorates the fame of the engineer. Koteegiram is an ancient place, a day's march from Deer, and two days' journey from Bajour. There is a small idol cut in black stone, and attached to the rock: it is in a sitting posture, about two feet and a half high, and is said to have a helmet on its head, similar to what is seen on the coins from Bajour. It may be a Hindoo figure, for the tribe holds it sacred: but idols are frequently dug up in all parts of this country; and a small one, eight or nine inches high, cut in stone, was brought to me from Swat, which represented a pot-bellied figure, half seated, with crossed arms, and a hand placed on its head.

Such idols are also found at a "tope" in the plain of Peshawur; and whether they represent Bacchus, or some less celebrated hero, antiquarians must determine. But to continue the jeweller's rambles. At Cashgar he purchased rock crystal (beloor) from the shepherds, who, in their simplicity, believe it to be the frozen ice of a hundred years! *In situ* a maund of it costs twenty rupees; and he doubled his outlay on returning by making it into seals and armlets. It is exported to China, as buttons for the caps of the Mandarins. From Cashgar he proceeded onwards to Budukhshan, for lapis-lazuli and rubies: on his route, after leaving Cashgar, he crossed the river that passes Chitral, here called Kooner. In three days he came to a hill called "Koh-i-Noogsan," or the hill of injury, down which he slid upon the frozen snow, on a leathern shirt, and came to a bridge, which however was not on the high road.

I was so much pleased with the account of this new and interesting journey, that I prevailed on the man to make a second, and to attend to such instructions as I should give him regarding copies of the inscriptions. One which he brought from Swat, consists of only one line, and is in Pali. The inscriptions, however, of Kupoordeeguree, north of Peshawur, which he also brought, were by far the most valuable: they consisted of five lines; and I should have given a drawing of them had not Mr. Masson subsequently visited that place, cleared away much that hid the stone, and taken a perfect copy of a very extensive inscription which he will doubtless give to the public.

From these quarters, so full of interest, let me carry the reader beyond the mountains, and record a few particulars which were related to me regarding the more remote countries of Cashgar, &c., subject to the Chinese. The town of Cashgar is held by a detachment of Chinese, but the duties leviable at it are received by the Khan of Kokan, who has his Mahomedan officers stationed there. This arrangement has resulted from the late differences between the states; and it is not unlike the usage of the British in India towards their frontier states. The garrison occupies a separate fort, called by the Mahomedans Gool-Bagh, which I understand is a general name for forts similarly occupied. All traffic is carried on inside the Gool-Bagh, none being allowed outside; and each person on entering receives a small piece of wood, which is tied to his waist, and must be returned on coming out. If it is found in the evening that the number of sticks issued does not tally with those received back, the strictest search is instituted. All the houses have bells at their doors, which are rung by a customer before he can get in. The strength of the garrison is about 3000 Chinese, not Toonganees, as I have elsewhere erroneously called the soldiers, whereas such is only the designation of the people of the country, who are Soonees. They live in great fear of their Mahomedan neighbours, although ambassadors have been sent from and to Bokhara and Pekin. There seems, however, to be more communication between Russia and these countries than is generally imagined. Native Russians and Armenians pass through Cashgar to Tibet, and even lower down; but the Chinese arrest the progress of all eastward of Yarkund. Opium finds its way by this route to the centre of the empire, and the trade in it increases annually. It is sent in sticks, and brought, I imagine, from Turkey, through a line of communication that may be improved upon. While such jealousy of others exists, the greatest encouragement is held out to trade in all its branches; and even if a Mahomedan debtor, fleeing from his creditors, takes refuge with the Chinese, he is at once given up, on application to the authorities. The mode of punishing their own culprits is by placing a wooden collar round the neck of the offender, and labelling upon it his crime, and the period for which he is sentenced to wear it. The Chinese neither speak Persian nor Toorkee, and intercourse is carried on by means of interpreters. All dealings in money are made in yamoos or ingots of silver; but a copper coin is current, with a Chinese stamp on one side and a Mahomedan one on the other. The people of Cashgar itself are composed of Turks and Uzbeks, and visitors also arrive from Tibet and Cashmeer. A Mahomedan acquaintance of mine, who

had visited Cashgar, divided its people into three races. First: those who burn their dead; second, those who bury them; and third, those who put their dead in coffins and send them inland: but I imagine the good traveller's distinctions were somewhat fanciful. The climate is described as very dry: rain seldom falls. A phenomenon regarding the harvest, if correctly reported, is singular. Its productiveness, it is said, depends upon the clouds of red dust which always fall or are blown in this part of Asia. The soil is saline, and is said to be benefited by this admixture of foreign earth. The clouds of dust in Toorkistan are tremendous, but I had not heard of their existing to such an extent as here described, and the statement requires confirmation. Another object of curiosity in these parts is the hot sand, about ten miles from Aksoo, on which food can be cooked. I imagine it is the result of some subterraneous heat, such as at Bakou on the Caspian, and other places.

I could gather few particulars of the country of Khoten, lying to the eastward of Cashgar; but I have little reliance on the reports, lately brought from that quarter, of the existence of a Parsee race, flourishing under all the institutions of Zoroaster. I have already given an instance of the rambling propensities of these people, and their hopes of finding traces of their kinsmen among the Kaffirs; but I fear the Parsee community of India must seek for their progenitors elsewhere than in Khoten.

As I have hitherto spoken but briefly of Kokan, the country lying to the west of Cashgar, I will now mention a few particulars regarding it. The power of its chief or khan, Mohamed Ali, is on the ascendant, as he has established his influence over Tashkend, the town of Toorkistan, and all the cultivated country north of Kokan, and over many of the Kuzzak tribes between him and Russia. To the south, the small district of Durwaz is disputed by the Khan and the Mir of Koondooz. There is not much intercourse with Bokhara, but the communication between Kokan and Constantinople is more regular than that of the other states of Toorkistan. The political connection with China leads to an interchange of presents: the Chinese have hitherto sent more valuable gifts than they have received, and all the articles are given in sets of nine, a favourite number among this people. The government is well spoken of, though the Khan, like his brother of Bokhara, is dissipated. A colony of Jews has lately settled in the country, at the towns of Namghan and Marghilan: they pay a poll-tax as Hindoos, and are chiefly engaged in dyeing. Kokan itself, though not nearly so populous as Bokhara, is said to occupy as much ground, its gardens being extensive. Several new bazars and mosques have of late been built, and the town itself lies on both sides of the river Sir, which is fordable above Namghan. There is a very ancient city to the north of it, two days' journey distant, called Choost, which enjoys a fine climate, and from which many antiquities are brought. Kokan is celebrated in Central Asia for three things—a kind of ruby, which was discovered some sixteen or seventeen years ago, but is inferior to that of Budukhshan—the "sung-i-shuftaloo," or plum-stone, so called from resembling that fruit in shape, though its colour is white—and a kind of verdigris: coal also exists in its eastern districts. The country between Kokan and Cashgar is very elevated, and has pine-trees. The road leads by the Osh-i-Sooleeman or Solomon's throne, and the journey is one of twelve days.

Changing the scene of my inquiries, I shall now describe those small states north of Hindoo Koosh, and beyond Balkh, on which our information is defective. These are Maimanu, Andkho, Shibbergam, Siripool, and Akhchu, which are all noted for little but internal quarrels, and being active agents in the slave-trade. They are situated in a plain country, well watered by rills or canals, and having abundance of forage. Near the towns are many gardens: the houses are all of the bee-hive shape. Maimanu is the most important of the whole: the chief is Mizrab Khan, an Uzbek of the tribe of Wun, and his country extends from Maimanu to the Moorghab, and adjoins that of Shere Mahomed Khan Huzara. Maimanu

itself is an open town, or rather village, of about 1500 houses; but the strength of the chief consists of his "ils," or moving population, who frequent Umar, Tankira, Sorbagh, Kaffir Khijrabad, Kusur, Chuchakkoo, Tukht-i-Khatoon, and other sites which can scarcaly be called villages. He also numbers Arabs among his subjects, many of that tribe having been long settled there. With his whole adherents drawn out he could muster about 6000 horse and three small guns, but he could never quit his territories with half the number, as he is on bad terms with the chief of Siripool, who is much feared, though less powerful. Mizrab Khan is about forty years of age: he succeeded his brother six years ago, whom he poisoned —a common mode of disposing of people in these countries, and a fate which his own father also met.

Andkho, or Andkhoee, is ruled by Shah Wulee Khan, an Ufshur Toork, who settled here with others of his tribe in the time of Nadir: they were then Shiahs, but are now Soonees. The "ils" of the chief, besides his own race, are Arabs, and he can furnish 500 horse, and is on good terms with Maimanu. Andkho has a larger fixed population than Maimanu, being on one of the high roads to Bokhara, but there is a scarcity of water in this district. It is here that the wheat is a triennial plant. Andkho is the place were poor Moorcroft perished. Shibbergam belongs to an Uzbek chief named Roostum, who has a character for moderation: he can muster 500 or 600 horse, and is on good terms with both Maimanu and Koondooz. Shibbergam is considered to be a very ancient place, being supposed to date from the days of the Kaffirs (Greeks), and is still the strongest fort in these parts. The ark or citadel is built of brick and mortar, and surrounded by other walls of mud. Killich Ali Beg, the late chief of Balkh, besieged it for seven years without success; but it must be understood that it is only strong against Uzbeks, who are badly supplied with artillery. Water is conducted to it from the rivulet of Siripool.

Troolfkar Shere, an Uzbek of the tribe of Achumûillee, governs Siripool, and is known as a brave and determined man. He is on bad terms both with Koondooz and Maimanu; and though he has only 1000 horse, he resists the attacks of both those chiefs, and plunders in all directions. His feud with Maimanu arose on account of his daughter, a wife of the former chief, being seized by Mizrab Khan. His "ils" are in Sungcharuk, Paogeen, Goordewan, and Dughdral; and if he can enlarge their number, which is not improbable, his power will become formidable. Siripool itself is as large as Maimanu.

Akhchu is a dependency of Balkh, and held by a son of Eshan Khoja, the governor of that once vast city: it is consequently tributary to Bokhara. The governor of Balkh, through fear, lately permitted Moorad Beg of Koondooz to establish himself on one of the canals of Balkh; but the king of Bokhara sent a force of 8000 men and dislodged him. Half of this body was raised in Balkh, and the rest from Bokhara. The Koondooz chief offered no resistance to the king.

South of these districts, and between Cabool and Herat, lies the hilly country of the Huzaras, or, as it is called, the Huzarajat. An obscurity* hangs over the settlement of this race among the Afghans; and, without hoping to clear it up, I will place before the reader my notes regarding them.

The Huzaras are distributed as in the following pages, giving the population in round numbers:—

		No. of Families.
Dehzungee.		
Buchu Ghoolam	3000	
Yanghoor	4000	
Tukuna	1500	
	——	8,500

* After all, as the Huzaras are of the Mongolian race, and adjoin the Uzbeks, their location in their present site is not very extraordinary: their language, which is Persian, is a more remarkable feature in their history.

		No. of Families.
	Brought forward	8,500
Sepa		4,000
Dih Koondee.		
Doulut Beg	5000	
Roushun Beg	2500	
Hyder Beg	1500	
Chaoosh	1000	
Burat	500	
	——	10,500
Dih Choupan, or Zurdaloo, near Kara Bagh.		
Bobuk	1000	
Bihbood	1000	
Aldye	500	
Chardustu	1000	
	——	3,500
Tatar and Hubush		1,500
Fouladee, Do.		1,000
Kaloo		750
Toorkmun and Parsa, behind the Pughman Range		750
Shaikh Ali of Ghorbund, half Soonees, half Shiahs		5,000
Bulkhiaree, near Ghuzni.		
Allahodeen	750	
Islam	500	
Eeshukee	500	
Kimloot	500	
Shukhu	250	
	——	2,500
Jaghoree.		
Boobuk	5000	
Culendur	4000	
	——	9,000
Malistan	2500	
Hoojuristan	2500	
Zoulee	1000	
	——	6,000
Chukmuk of Gizon, near Candahar		1,200
Paruka		1,200
Beshood south of Bameean.		
Kulsitan	2000	
Sugpa and Doulutpa	1000	
Durweish Ali	2000	
Junglye	2000	
Bool Hussum	1500	
Boorjugye	1000	
Dihkan	1000	
Dih Murdagan	1000	
	——	11,500
Grand Total		66,900

The Huzaras of Dihzungee are nearly independent: those of Dih-Koondee altogether so. At Kara Bagh they come down upon the plains beyond Ghuzni, and are subject to Cabool, as are those of Jaghooree, Beshood, and Fouladee. The Tatar and Hubush Huzaras lie between Bameean and Koondoos. All these are Shiahs, excepting the Huzaras under Herat, and half of those who live in Ghorbund.

The Huzaras state themselves to be descended from two brothers, Sadik Kumr

and Sadik Soika, Sadik being a title among them. They are particularly mentioned in the annals of Jingis Khan's wars; and 3000 families are said to have been left by this conqueror, and 1000 by Timourlane. The Huzaras themselves claim descent from the Toghianee Toorks: some, however, of those who live at Dih-Koondee deduce their lineage from a Koresh Arab; others from the Kibtee, a race coeval with the Jews. The Fouladee Huzaras of Hoojuristan are said to be so called from a daughter of Afsariab. The Shekh Ali Huzaras, according to their own account, have been located there from the time of Burbur the Infidel.

The Huzaras are a race of good disposition; but are oppressed by all the neighbouring nations, whom they serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Many of them are sold into slavery; and there is little doubt that they barter their children for cloth and necessaries to the Uzbeks. All the drudgery and work in Cabool is done by Huzaras, some of whom are slaves and some free: in winter there are not less than ten thousand who reside in the city, and gain a livelihood by clearing the roofs of snow and acting as porters. They make good servants; but in their native hills their simplicity is great. A Syud, who had been much among them, tells me that, if he bared his head, they did the same. They are fond of music. Their chiefs are called Mirs, and, towards Toorkistan, sometimes Begs: the women of rank are addressed Agha: they go unveiled, and wear two or three loongees on the head, like a tiara. The report which has been spread of their giving their wives to their guests is not true of the race generally: but inquiries have established that it is the practice of some of the Jaghoorees, who are in consequence fast losing their Tartar features. Throughout this tribe a stranger may marry for a night or a week, and either leave his wife or take her along with him; but this is only according to Shiah usages. The property of the Huzaras consists of sheep; and they manufacture from their wool good carpets, and also the fabric called "burruk." Except in the warmer parts of their country, they have few gardens. They are without a chief: had this not been the case they might have become a powerful race, but of this there is now little probability, though they would, if under discipline, make brave and good soldiers.

Note.—The following tradition, for which I am indebted to Mr. Leech, is current in Afghanistan regarding the Huzaras:—

"In the time when Balkh, as well as the country now called Hazarajat, was under a Hindoo king called Burbur, (the remains of his imperial city of the same name are still to be seen near Bameean,) he bought a thousand Huzara (slaves), to throw a dam across the river which passed his city of Burbur, which is said to have been fed by 72 streams; but all his dams were carried away. Aly, the son of Aboo Taleeb, called by the Mahomedans Sha i Mardan (the king of men), was one Friday returning from prayers with his cousin Mahomed, the Arabian Prophet, when he was accosted by a beggar, asking for alms in the name of God; Aly answered he had no money, but requested the beggar to sell him. From this proposal the beggar recoiled with religious horror; but, on Aly insisting, he consented. Aly requested him to place his foot on his, and shut his eyes; in a moment the beggar was transported by the Imam to the city and kingdom of Burbur. The beggar took him before the king for sale, who consented to buy him for his weight in gold provided he would perform three acts: 1. Build a dam over the river; 2. Kill a dragon that infested the country; 3. Bring Aly, the cousin of the Prophet, bound before him. This being agreed to, the beggar bore away the enormous price of his benefactor. Hazrat Aly first applied himself to the building of the dam. Taking with him the thousand slaves of the king, he examined the spot: the mountain through which the river flowed projected over the river; with one stroke of his sword he made a huge cleft, and with his foot precipitated the mass into the stream so dexterously that every drop of the river was stopped from flowing. The slaves fled in terror to the king, and told him of the miracle that had been wrought. The inhabitants, seeing that Aly had done more than they requested, as he had not only saved the city from floods, but had cut off the irrigation of their lands, entreated him to plan a remedy: this he soon effected by a stroke of his hand, the five fingers making five sluice-gates. He afterwards killed the dragon, by jumping on his stomach; and brought a strip of the back for Burbur, as a trophy. The king asked him then to perform the third agreement: Aly requested the attendants to

bind him, and discovered himself to Burbur, who was extremely delighted, of course, as he had for some time been plotting a campaign against the same Aly in his own country. As he was about to order him to be conveyed to prison, Aly burst his chains, and, drawing his sword, called upon them to become converts to the true faith. His sword being, like the shield of Achilles, of immortal workmanship, it soon effected the conversion of Burbur and his people. Taking the beggar with him, he returned to Medina, and arrived there three hours after his departure from that city."

CHAPTER X.

Our occupations at Cabool—Visit to "a Country-Gentleman"—His estate—Our party—A Moollah—His ingenuity—Visit to the Mirza—Peculiar science—Summary marriage—Riches a proof of ability—Ladies of Cabool—Employments—Ameer's sisters—A murder and punishment—Courageous female—The winter season—Lohanee merchants—Cruelty of the King of Bokhara—Horrid dungeons—Acquaintance of Mr. Elphinstone—The Ramazan—Opinions on death—Belief in dreams—Traditions—A Persian envoy—His adventures—Rejoicings—a Bokhara merchant's tea-party.

I TURN from distant countries to relate our own occupations at Cabool. During our leisure hours, and when freed from the discussions on politics, which day by day became more energetic and more lengthened, in consequence of the Persians having invested Herat, we made many new acquaintances, and visited our old ones. Among the latter was my Peshawur friend, Naib Mahomed Shureef, who, although a Kuzzilbash, appeared regardless of the dangers which threatened all his tribe from the vicinity of the Persians; and not only regularly visited us at our quarters, but invited us to his country-seat at Kurgha, eight miles from Cabool. On the 6th of November, Lieutenant Leech and I, gladly escaping from the bustle of the capital, accepted his invitation, and the Nuwab Jubar Khan, an Afghan Moollah, and two or three other persons from neighbouring forts, joined the party. Our host was in high spirits and excessively amusing. He assured us that in winter his estate was the warmest situation in the country, and in summer the coolest; that the view which it commanded of Chardih and Dih Muzung, and the valley lying between it and Cabool, was unrivalled; and if we objected to visit him in spring, when the trees were in blossom, he would tempt us out by saying that in summer the white leaves of the poplar rustling looked like buds; and that in winter the snow, as it fell in flakes on the trees, was not to be surpassed in beauty even by the peach-blossoms of Istalif. The house, indeed, was very agreeably situated, and commanded a charming prospect, being the reverse of the one which is seen from the Tomb of Baber, as that celebrated spot terminates the valley. The broad acres of the proprietor, which he told us had cost him upwards of a lac of rupees, were spread out before us; whilst, equidistant from us and Cabool, lay, in our rear, the fine valley of Pughman. Our host placed before us an abundant breakfast of kabobs, nicely served up, to which we did the amplest justice, and whiled away the rest of the morning in listening to his discussions on a vast variety of subjects, for he was a professed talker. He gave us a detail of his numerous ailments, and his unsuccessful search after a cure for them, until he found it in wine, which he pronounced to be a specific for all earthly maladies. The Moollah, in some long

Arabic sentences, protested strenuously against the use of such unholy medicine; upon which Shureef quietly asked if he expected him to refrain from a remedy when he had one in his power, and such a remedy too!—and then launched out in praise of a particular vintage which he and his brother had gathered in some years before. He then, with many a sigh, related how he had broken all the bottles of this matchless wine, for grief on account of that brother's death; and how well it was remembered by every man who had partaken of it, "Since two glasses of it set one asleep!" As the Naib appealed to me for my opinion on the subject, I told him that "Our notions of good wine consisted in being able to drink much without experiencing any bad effects." "A bad plan," said he; "for a man then must drink till he is as large as a butt: no, no, ours is the best test." The curiosity of the Moollah being aroused by this discussion, he begged I would prescribe for him something to improve his digestion, which all the party forthwith construed into a wish for wine, and great was the mirth which this gave rise to. The Moollah, being put upon his mettle, now turned his batteries of religion upon us, and poured out quotation upon quotation in praise of temperance and water-drinking, until he fairly beat us out of the field. Dinner, or rather lunch, was spread before us at about three o'clock, and we returned to Cabool much pleased with our party. Naib Shureef I may fairly designate as an Afghan country-gentleman. He goes to his villa in spring and summer, feeds his own sheep, cattle, and poultry; has a small village on his estate peopled by Huzaras, who assist him in his agricultural pursuits; burns lime on his own ground to repair his house; and has enclosed a large tract of ground, and planted it with fruit-trees which now produce abundantly. In this garden is the largest willow-tree known in the country, called, *par excellence*, "Mujnoon bed," beneath which he often seats his friends.

At Kurgha I observed the sheep turned in upon the young wheat-fields, and allowed to crop them. The water is first let in upon the land to freeze, and the flocks then browse upon the leaves, without injuring the plants, which indeed are said to grow up stronger in spring in consequence of the process. The orchards also were receiving their last irrigation, or, as it is called, "yuhkcheeab,"—ice-watering,—for by the first of November all the pools are frozen over.

On my return I had a visit from an acquaintance, Moollah Khodadad, who had been absent from the city for a short time settling the harvest revenue. He amused me by recounting the mode he had adopted to escape from being the political representative of Dost Mahomed Khan, an honour for which he had been singled out in consequence of his great abilities. It seems that, after the last battle with the Sikhs, Kooshal Sing, one of their officers, addressed the Ameer, suggesting the propriety of his sending a man of rank and knowledge to Peshawur to adjust their differences; and Khodadad was the fortunate wight selected, he not being in Dost Mahomed's service, nor knowing anything about it. A whisper reached him, he repaired to the Bala Hissar, and the friend who sat next him told him, in Afghanee, "that they had prepared a pannier (kujawa) for him," meaning that he was to be sent on a journey. Dost Mahomed conversed at large on what ought to be done; and, at length, looking to the Moollah, but without making any allusion to his having been fixed upon as his representative, said that some *proper* person should be sent. "You look towards me," said the wary Moollah; "shall I say what I think?" "Certainly." "Well, then," said Khodadad, "you have received a letter, and for it you propose to send an Elchee,—a reply to a letter should be a letter: besides, if any one is sent to Peshawur, the people will look upon it as springing from fear." Some of the courtiers loudly reprobated these arguments, declaring that they were founded in ignorance. "How many jars of water are in the fountain before you?" asked Khodadad. The courtiers all declared they did not know. "But I do," said the Moollah. The Ameer desired him to state how many there were. "That, my lord," he replied, "entirely depends on the size of the jar employed to measure it." This indirect allusion to the want of comprehension in his associates amused the Ameer and nettled them. The discussion

was broken off, and the deputation to the Sikh camp postponed *sine die*. It was only a few months after he had got out of this dilemma that the Moollah was actually nominated as Elchee to proceed to the court of Moorad Beg of Koondooz. "Look at my fortune," said he, with facetious gravity as he told me the story: "first they were going to send me to a Hindoo, and then to a robber; to make up for it, however, they styled me, in my credentials, 'of high rank, great fame, place, wealth,' and heaven knows what. Well, I thought I could make something of all this, so I went once more to the Bala Hissar, to converse with the Ameer. I observed to him that, if such titles and rank and glory were assigned to me, I had better be provided with equipages, attendants, and rich clothing, suitable for so great a man: for, as to myself, I had none of them; and that, if I went without them, the wise men of Koondooz would soon find out the contradictions between what I was and what I was said to be. I should be deemed an impostor, and his Highness's business would fare but badly." Dost Mahomed, it appears, had no reply to make to the crudite Khodadad; and therefore sent a certain Kumber Ali Khan in his stead, who, being a Kuzzilbash Shiah, was but scurvily treated at the Koondooz court. I warned my friend the Moollah not to be too confident: he had twice escaped, but the third appointment might be fatal; and I predicted that, in spite of all his ingenuity, he would yet find himself his country's representative abroad. It will be seen from this long story that the honour of being an ambassador, so much sought after in Europe, has not the same attraction in Asia. If, as it has been said, envoys are but clever men sent abroad to lie for their country, we might be disposed to applaud the Moollah's modesty and unconquerable love of truth; but the fact is, that there is here little reward attached to the rank, and still less honour. An ambassador is, however, almost always certain of good treatment; and there is a proverb among the Afghans which enjoins it.

The Mirza of Dost Mahomed Khan, hearing that we had so greatly enjoyed our visit to Kurgha, invited us to pass the day at his fort, which was called Nanuchee, and was situated about three miles from Cabool to the northwest, and on the verge of the "chumun" or meadow of Wuzeerabad. The scene differed in all its features from the one which we had beheld at our good friend Shureef's villa. Above the fort are the remains of a garden laid out by the Begum or queen of Juhangeer, which commands a glorious view of the lake and the surrounding country, and is, perhaps, the most picturesque in the vicinity. From a hillock which is still higher than this garden, the eye commands at once the plains of Chardih and Wuzeerabad, which the Afghans call Goolistan and Bostan. A nobler and more enchanting position for a residence can scarcely be imagined. Its selection does honour to the Begum, whose name, however, is lost in history. From the tomb of Baber to this garden is a favourite ride with the *beau monde* of the capital, who are wont first to visit the one and then the other, drink wine at both, and return to Cabool by the "chumun." Our day with the Mirza sped merrily. We had Hafizjee, the son of Meer Thaeez, Imam Terdi, a clever man, and several other Afghans; and there was much general conversation in a quiet way. As we sat at the windows and looked out upon the extended prospect, the sun every now and then was hid by clouds; and as their shadows moved across the distant hills, our friends repeatedly exclaimed, "What 'Sultanut!' what majesty in nature!" with an enthusiasm which would have done honour to European tourists. I must not forget to mention that on this occasion I was asked as to my knowledge and belief in a science, which is called "Kiafa" by the Afghans, and which seems to be something between phrenology and physiognomy: not only the eyebrows, nose, and features generally, but even the beard, form the discriminating marks, instead of the bumps of the skull, as with our sapient professors, and the result of experience is recorded in sundry pithy axioms, such as the following:—A tall man with a long beard is a fool. A man with a beard issuing from his throat is a simpleton. An open forehead bespeaks wealth and plenty. The science is further developed in various couplets, some of the most curious of which may thus be rendered:—

He that has red eyes is ever ready to fight: And who has thick lips is a warrior.

Hope for liberality from him whose arms are long: And fear not the courage of one with a thick waist.

Men of small stature are often deceitful: And so are those with deep-seated eyes and thin noses.

Those who have soft hair are of good disposition: But those whose locks are hard are otherwise.

Open nostrils are proofs of a tyrant: And large teeth of little wisdom.

Large ears give hopes of long life: and spare ankles of activity in the race.

The man who has the arch of the foot large cannot walk far: But the flattened sole tires not.

Having thus treated not only of the features of the face, but of nearly all the limbs of the body, I must lay aside the science of "Kiafa," trusting that no one of my readers will find any of the unfavourable symptoms applicable to himself.*

Not far from our residence in the Bala Hissar lived Syud Mohsun, a man of some influence among the Huzaras, who used frequently to visit us, and tell us strange stories of that simple people. The unexpected honour of marrying a Princess, and becoming brother-in-law of the Ameer of Cabool, had fallen upon him. Dost Mahomed, after he had allied himself to the family of Shah Zada Ablas, was afraid lest his wife's sister should marry any of his nobles, and determined that the lady should be united to a holy man: he accordingly sent for the Syud to his haram, whither he had already summoned the Cazee, and without previously informing either party, forthwith proceeded to join them in holy wedlock. The Syud at first refused, and declared that the honour was too great. This objection the Ameer removed by assuring him "That his fortune had predominated!" "But," insisted the involuntary bridegroom, "I am a poor man, and cannot afford to clothe a Princess!" "Never mind, never mind!" replied Dost Mahomed, "I will do that for you;" and married they accordingly were. And now the Syud sorrowfully declares that he is not master of his own house. Two slave girls from the Huzara country attend this fair scion of royalty; and the poor man declares that he himself is but an upper servant. Such marriages are common in these countries, since Syuds and other ministers of religion, when allied to females of royal blood, can do less political harm than other persons. At all events there was not much regal dignity in some of the occupations of Syud Mohsun and his illustrious wife, seeing that they prepared the best jelly which I tasted in Cabool, made from the sour cherry, or gean.

Talking one day with Jubar Khan, the name of Hufa Begum, the celebrated queen of Shah Shoojah, who had just died, was mentioned, and a remark was made that she was a very clever woman, and had left a good deal of money behind her. "That," said the Nuwab, with grave emphasis, "is the clearest possible proof of her ability." I fear this is a standard by which the ladies of the western world have no wish to be tried. Both the Nuwab and his brother the ruler have, however, credit for managing their ladies economically. The Nuwab, generous to a fault to Christian, Jew, or Mahomedan, is blamed for denying to his wives liberal pin-money, or, as it is amusingly called in this country, "Soorkhee-sufeedee," rouge and white paint allowance, with both which cosmetics the ladies here adorn themselves.

But I must not thus lightly pass over so important a part of the population of Cabool as the ladies. Their ghost-like figures when they walk abroad make one melancholy; but if all be true of them that is reported, they make ample amends when within doors for all such sombre exhibitions in public. There, during the long winters, they gather round the "Sundlee," a kind of low square table, covered with cloth, and heated from below by charcoal, and tell stories and make merry.

* A brief tract on this science seemed to me deserving of translation; and I have accordingly given it in illustration of the modes of thinking on this subject among the Afghans.—Vide Appendix.

They have a saying that the indoor joys of Cabool in winter, make every one regardless of the enemy without. Among the Afghans, women exercise considerable influence at least: Dost Mahomed Khan, at a time when he was very anxious as to the conduct of his brothers at Candahar, addressed a letter to his sister, who was there also, and urged her to keep them in a proper course; thus proving that even in important matters of state their judgment and discretion are resorted to. A circumstance, however, occurred while we were at Cabool, which proved that one at least of Dost Mahomed's sisters was not a paragon of virtue. Sudoo Khan Barukzye, to whom she was married, was shot through the body on returning home at night. The assassin was secured; and, horrible to relate, confessed that the Chief's sister had bribed him to commit the deed. The princess fled to the house of a relation, and unblushingly justified her conduct, on the ground that she had been long barbarously used by her husband. The truth of this was not doubted, for he was well known to be a most depraved wretch: still nothing could justify so inhuman a retribution. The wounded man lingered for a day, and his murderer passed into eternity a few hours after him, having been cut in two pieces, one of which was gibbeted at the gate of the Bala Hissar, the other in the great Bazar. A butcher was the executioner. The lady, whose guilt was at least equal, escaped without punishment; for the Mahomedan can only shed the blood of him by whom man's blood has been shed. There are, however, women in these countries who have pre-eminently distinguished themselves by their conjugal devotion; and I should do wrong were I to pass over in silence Aga, the lady of Yezdan Bukhsh, a Huzara chief, whom Dost Mahomed Khan detained at Cabool as a hostage for her lord. The separation was painful to both; but particularly to the husband, who was accustomed, in all his difficulties, to be guided by the counsel of his wife; and he secretly sent messengers to her, urging her to make her escape. This she effected by changing her attire to that of a man, and dropping from the window of her prison. She then mounted a horse and fled to the Besoot country, between Cabool and Bameean, pursued by two of the Ameer's officers, accompanied by some of her husband's enemies. She was overtaken; her companion was killed, but she herself escaped, and reached the first fort in her own country, from the walls of which she defied her pursuers, proudly exclaiming, "This is the land of Yezdan Bukhsh!" This noble woman's husband was afterwards, as Mr. Masson has related, barbarously strangled by Hajee Khan Kakur. The simplicity of his disposition ruined him, as it has done many of his countrymen; and, after having conducted the Afghans through a dangerous campaign, his life was basely taken.

I have already stated that the water froze so early as the beginning of November, and that snow fell on the hills; but on the 11th of December, after it had gradually stolen upon us, inch by inch, it at length fairly covered the ground in the city, and dusky gray clouds hid the sun. The cold became severe, and the whole of the population appeared clad in sheep-skins. It was a serious affair to our Hindoostanee attendants, and two of them fell victims to the folly of persevering in their Indian habits, and cooking their food outside the house in defiance of the rigours of the climate. They died of pneumonia, a disease which is very prevalent in Cabool, and from which, without very active treatment, few recover.

With the snow came the last caravan of merchants from Bokhara, principally composed of Lohanees. A party of these men paid me a visit, and after telling me all the news of that quarter, implored me to use my influence in their behalf, as they had most inconsiderately involved themselves in a serious difficulty. It appeared that after passing Bameean they had struck off from the legitimate route, if I may so term it, and made at once for Ghuzni, which lay on the direct road to their homes. But a poor government cannot afford to lose its taxes; and they were arrested at that town by the Ameer's son, who seized all their property, amounting to 6000 ducats and 4000 tillas of Bokhara. On this the government had a claim of one per cent., but the whole was confiscated; and Dost Mahomed quoted, in his defence for so doing, the usage of the British and Russians, who

seize upon all smuggled goods. This argument by no means satisfied the poor merchants; and although I exerted all my personal influence in their behalf, it was only after long and vexatious delay that they obtained restitution of a quarter of their money, and orders on the custom-houses, payable in the ensuing year, for a further portion, which latter, I fear, they never received. The cash which the ruler had thus possessed himself of again changed masters in a few days, being stolen by his treasurer, whose line of argument, in defence of his conduct, was that his pay was in arrear. Dost Mahomed, however, did not relish this imitative spirit; and the treasurer was apprehended and about to be put to death, when the Nuwab, ever active on the side of mercy, said he ought to be pardoned; that so bad a man as he was ought never to have been trusted, and that great part of the blame rested upon those who had employed him. This reasoning had its effect, and he was dismissed with a sound drubbing.

The Lohanees described the king of Bokhara as having become tyrannous and headstrong: he had degraded his minister, the Koosh Begee, and had refused the Hindoos leave to burn their dead, because, on being asked their creed, they had said they were "Ibrahamees," or followers of Abraham. He had also, without any show of reason, caused all Mahomedans trading with Hindoo partners to be doubly taxed. Having discovered an intrigue between a baker's daughter and a Hindoo, he ordered both parties to be baked in the oven, although in his own person he held out the worst possible example to his subjects. It is, however, to be doubted if he is altogether in his senses. His acts of tyranny are so audacious and so numerous, that I have never ceased to congratulate myself at having passed so successfully through his kingdom. In espionage he appears even to surpass the Chinese. From these men I received an account of the horrid dungeons in Bokhara, known by the title of "Kuna-Khanu," Kuna being the name of the creatures which attach themselves to dogs and sheep (Anglicè ticks), and which here thrive on the unhappy human beings who are cast in among them. The dungeons abound also in scorpions, fleas, and all kinds of vermin; and if human subjects happen to be deficient, goats or the entrails of animals are thrown in to feed them; so that the smell alone is in the highest degree noxious. One day suffices to kill any criminal who is cast into those horrid dens, and a confinement of a few hours leaves marks which are never effaced in after life. The situation of the dungeons is below the ark or citadel in which the king resides.

One of the traders to Bokhara was the Moollah Nujeeb, an old friend of Mr. Elphinstone's, and to whom, through the influence of that gentleman, a pension has been granted by our government. I had many conversations with Nujeeb, who was never weary of enlarging on the talents and virtues of his patron, or in expressing his admiration of what he denominated "the greatness of the English nation." It appears that when his pension was first conferred upon him he wrote to Mr. Elphinstone, to know "what kind of political information was expected from him in return." Mr. Elphinstone told him in reply, that "he wished occasionally to hear from him as to the state of his eyes, and that he hoped the spectacles he had given him enabled him to see better."

This indifference to passing events, and still more, this renunciation of what throughout all Asia is considered as the grand and legitimate mode of obtaining political information, had sunk deep into Nujeeb's mind, and again and again did he advert to this *surprising* proof of "the greatness of the English nation." There is certainly a striking difference between the avowed system of morals of the Afghans and the Europeans. The former seem to consider anything that is done amiss in secret as nothing; and it is only when discovery follows crime that they regret its commission. Their standard of morality would appear to consist, not in avoiding error, but in avoiding its discovery; and it is a common expression with them, that "Such a one was my friend: he did not take the screen from my misconduct." It was not wonderful, therefore, that the Moollah should consider it the acmé of morality in his patron not to ask him to offend even secretly against the state under which he was living.

The Ramazan, which had commenced with December, was rigidly kept. A gun was fired long before dawn, to rouse the faithful from their slumbers, that they might eat before the crier announced the hour of prayer. This fasting had blanched the cheeks of many of my visitors; and observing this, I asked one of them, a Moollah, "If it was not a severe penance?" he replied, "No: I am a mere worm, addicted to food; and hence the change which you remark in my countenance." Having upon this incidentally observed, that "All of us would shortly become food for worms," the holy man expressed his unbounded admiration of this trite truth. I, in my turn, was pleased with an expression which he used when I asked him if he had any children. "Two," was his reply; "the rest have gone before me." There was a tranquil sorrow and a simplicity in his manner of saying these few words which struck me greatly.

Death and futurity form a frequent subject of conversation among the Afghans, as indeed they do with all nations. On one occasion I was much interested by the discourse of an old merchant, who visited me shortly after he had lost his daughter. In the failure of all medical treatment, he had, a few days before her dissolution, removed her from her husband's house to his own, in the hope that the air and the climate in which she had been born and reared might restore sinking nature. It was the will of God that it should be otherwise, and the spirit of his child fled whilst she was repeating some lines from "Musnumee," a philosophical poem, which he had taught her in early youth. The last lines she uttered related to eternity. The parent assured me that many circumstances which had occurred subsequently to her death had afforded him consolation and reconciled him to his loss. One of his neighbours had dreamed that this beloved daughter was remarried, and in great prosperity. He himself had dreamt that his forefathers had sent for his daughter, and were overjoyed at receiving her. Other circumstances had occurred of a soothing nature: the shroud in Mahomedan countries is tied at the head, and when the body is deposited in the earth it is opened, that the relatives may take the last look and turn the head towards Mecca. In the case of this young woman, it was found that the face was already turned in the right direction. The priest who had been reading the Koran over the grave had fallen asleep, and dreamed that the deceased had declared herself overjoyed at the happy change. I found that the narrative of all these circumstances received the most serious attention, and thus dreams and omens working on the father's mind had yielded him consolation; and why should we deny peace of mind to an afflicted parent by seeking to destroy their effect?

The Afghans place implicit reliance on dreams. A Moollah of Cabool once told me that "dreams are the soul in flight without the body; and," added he, "physicians may say, if it please them, that they arise from digestive derangement, but no such paradise could spring from causes so material. It is in dreams that we find the clearest proof of an Omnipotent Providence."

There are many other superstitions among these people, and almost every hill in the country has its legend attached to it. A village near Cabool bears the name of "Chihil-Dookhteran," or the Forty Daughters; and tradition runs that, on one occasion, when the Kaffirs from the mountains made an inroad on the plain, forty virgins were preserved from violence by being transformed into stones; and that the identical forty stones are visible to this day. Eastward of this same village lies the "Koh-i-Krook," or hunting preserve of the kings of Cabool: a miraculous tale is connected with this ground. The story goes, that in days of yore a certain king pressed a herd of deer in this very preserve so closely that they rushed straight to his seraglio, where his lovely queens and ladies were adorning themselves in fine apparel, and putting rings into their ears and noses, and set them all running wild over the country. The Afghans, it will be perceived, are not deficient in the imaginative faculties, and they may be quoted as a proof that invention precedes judgment.

But to return to the things of the earth and its inhabitants as we now find them.

On the 14th of December I received a visit from my quondam fellow-traveller, Mahomed Hoosan, who had since been the Elchee from the chief of Cabool to the king of Persia; from which country he had returned, bringing with him a Persian ambassador, whom he had left at Candahar, whilst he himself came on to Cabool to report progress. The Elchee had gone to Persia to sue for an alliance, but he had experienced nothing but disappointmant and neglect. I laughed heartily at the man's adventures, which, although they had been very far from agreeable, he detailed with infinite gaiety and humour. He narrowly escaped death at Soonee Bokhara, merely because he had sought to bring about an alliance with Shiah Persia: at the court of Shah the ministers had tried to poison him for telling the plain truth, that an army and guns would be useless in opposing the roving Toorkumuns, against whom his majesty had proceeded; and at the capitol the royal favour was altogether denied him because he had gone to the English ambassador's quarters, instead of those tardily assigned to him by an unfriendly minister. In Persia difficulties had beset him at every step. Once before he had been obliged to leave the country, and now, after a nine years' absence, his enemies again rose up against him, but here his ambassadorship saved him. In his journey back to Afghanistan he had been exposed to many perils, whilst pursuing the unfrequented route through Bum-Nurmansheer and Seistan to the river Helmund, down which he was carried three fursukhs by a flood, and was left for two days without food. Near Herat he was threatened by Kamran, as well as by robbers; at Candahar the Sirdars slighted him; and, the unkindest cut of all, Dost Mahomed would send no one to conduct the ambassador whom my unfortunate friend had brought with so much trouble and difficulty from the "centre of the universe." Such was the tissue of complaints which he poured forth, calling the chief of Cabool a knave, his courtiers no men, and the whole nation a mass of Afghan stupidity. He said that at the Persian court Mirza Aghassee was supreme, owing to his having made some lucky guesses, during the youth of the present Shah, regarding his accession to the throne.

The worst of all poor Mahomed Hoosan's misfortunes was, that, having once been an Elchee, he did not deem himself at liberty to walk as a common man in the bazaar; and thus his dignity had destroyed his comfort. I told him that he had nothing else for it but to follow the European model, and write his travels; or, in Indian phrase, "Take walk and write book." He took my advice, and some time afterwards presented me with a small volume full to overflowing of unique adventures. He had ample leisure for his literary labours, as he was all but confined to his house by the Ameer; and although he declared positively that he would perform no further service, nor have anything more to do with embassies, he still lived in perpetual terror of being called upon to *accept office*, and punished, he knew not to what extent, if he refused to do so. He told me a story of a man whose misfortunes, he said, resembled his own. A certain king quarrelled with his vizier, and ordered him to be kept in confinement; to cheer his solitude, however, he sent him a companion. The vizier began to read the Koran aloud, with great gravity and emphasis, and his visitor began to cry. "What may be the particular passage," asked the minister, "that excites you so much, my good friend?" The simple-hearted man replied, "Oh, my Lord, when I look at you reading, and see your beard moving, I think of a favourite goat I have got at home; and then I remember that I am obliged to attend on your highness, and am shut out from all my domestic comforts." "Thus," said the Elchee, "it is with me and the Afghans. I am amongst them against my will; and it would be less irksome to me to pound the nine mountains in a mortar, or circumambulate the globe a dozen times, than to continue here."

On the 29th of December the "eed" terminated at midnight. A man ran in from the Kohistan, and swore, before the Cazee, that he had seen the moon twenty-nine days ago, whereas this was but the twenty-eighth day of its age. Not a moment was lost in proclaiming the joyful news and the end of the fast;

salutes were fired at the dead of night, the people yelled and shouted, and I started out of bed, believing, at the very least, that the city was sacked.

During the festivities that followed, Budro Deen, the great Bokhara merchant, invited us to dinner, and entertained us with singers, and with the "suntoor," a triangular musical instrument with innumerable wires, an importation from Cashmere which I had not before seen. The Nuwab Jubar Khan was present, as well as several other persons. The dinner was well arranged and excellent, and we had songs in many languages. The Pooshtoo is softer when sung than when spoken; but Hindoostanee is the favourite language with the Afghans, having, to use their own phrase, "more salt in it." After dinner the hospitable Bokhara merchant dilated on the good qualities of his tea, and insisted on giving it to us in the real orthodox style. He accordingly commenced operations, stirred the fire almost out, and placed the kettle upon it, but for a long time he could not manage to make it boil. At last, when he had succeeded, he put the tea into the pot, covered the lid with a cloth, and, not satisfied with this, planted the teapot itself in the fire, as he had done the kettle, and finally produced a beverage which certainly was of a superior quality, and which we all drank of, and praised to his heart's content. The Nuwab drank away at a great rate, and declared that he had never before taken so much. The man of tea, however, urged us on to farther indulgence, telling us that at Bokhara, which is the fountain of tea, the repast always concluded with "tulkh chah," or tea without sugar. The good Nuwab declared "He would not drink tea without sugar; that it was impossible for him to drink any more with it, and doubly impossible for him to drink any more without it." We all laughed loud and long at this sally, and returned to our homes at a brisk trot, through the quiet city, under a clear sky and frosty night, much pleased with our party and with our host.

CHAPTER XI.

Russian agent, Lieutenant Vilkicvitch—Distribution of our party—Vicinity of Cabool—Pillars of Chukrcea—Mr. Masson's researches—Ancient history of Cabool—Idols and Hindoo remains—Gurdez—Geographical memoirs—Dialects—Herat—Major Pottinger—Delay in Indian courts—Kuzzilbash secretaries—A Moollah's tenets—Mode of lighting houses—Mild Winter—Early Spring—Idle habits—The Ameer's position—Change of policy—My departure from Cabool—Arrival at Jelálábád—River of Cabool—Our rafts—The Shutee Gurdun—Peshawur—Arrival at Lahore—Runjeet Sing—Join the Governor-General at Simla.

In the midst of these amusements the arrival of a Russian officer produced a considerable sensation at Cabool: almost immediately on his entering the city "le Lieutenant Vilkievitch Polonois" paid me a visit, and on the day after his arrival, which happened to be Christmas-day, I invited him to dinner. He was a gentlemanly and agreeable man, of about thirty years of age, and spoke French, Turkish, and Persian fluently, and wore the uniform of an officer of Cossacks, which was a novelty in Cabool. He had been three times at Bokhara, and we had therefore a common subject to converse upon, without touching on politics. I found him intelligent and well informed on the subject of Northern Asia. He very frankly said that it was not the custom of Russia to publish to the world the result of its researches in foreign countries, as was the case with France and

buys it; but his conduct is at variance with his proverb: greater reforms have, however, been made in society than that of weaning an Afghan from his evil habits; time and circumstances have rendered them familiar to him, and time and circumstances may also efface them.

The ruler of Cabool, Dost Mahomed Khan, partook at this time of the impatience common to his nation; and, some may perhaps say, not without sufficient cause. Herat was closely besieged by Persia. Should it fall, the danger to Candahar and Cabool was apparent: should it be successful, and repulse Persia, that danger still existed to Cabool. The British government, confident in the success of its measures in Persia, placed no value on an Afghan alliance. Fear, therefore, overtook Dost Mahomed, and it was seconded by appeals to his interest; and thus two of the most powerful motives which influence the human mind inclined the chief to look for support to the west instead of the east. Having clearly ascertained that such were his views, there was no room for doubt as to the line of conduct which it was expedient for me to adopt; and I accordingly intimated to him my intention of returning to India. He expressed great regret at my decision; and when, on the 26th of April, I finally quitted Cabool, he was profuse in his professions of personal friendship and regard. Mr. Masson accompanied me, as he conceived that his position in Cabool would not be safe after my departure, and under the circumstances which led to it. We reached Julálábad on the 30th of April, and were hospitably received by the Ameer's son, Akbar Khan, and by whom, as I have before mentioned, I had been received with great pomp and splendour on entering Cabool, on the 20th of September.

I was anxious to examine the river of Cabool, and resolved, therefore, to descend it upon rafts: two days were spent in their preparation. More pains were bestowed to effect this than I had anticipated. About eighty skins were used for each raft; but only a fourth part of these were inflated; the rest were stuffed with straw, spars were placed across, and the whole bound together by a floating frame-work. When the paddles are used, the motion of the raft is circular, the great object being to keep it in the force of the stream.

On the 3d of May we set sail, and reached Lalpoor, which is half-way to Peshawur, in seven hours: here we halted for the night, and were hospitably entertained by the Momund chief. Next day we prosecuted our voyage, and in eight hours reached Muttee, in the plain of Peshawur, where there were elephants, palanquins, and horses, waiting to convey us to the hospitable mansion of General Avitabile.

The excitement in descending the river Cabool is greater than the danger; nevertheless, considerable care and dexterity are required to avoid the projecting rocks, and the whirlpools which they form. We were caught in one of them, called Fuzl: one raft revolved in it for two hours; and it was only extricated by the united exertions of the crews of the other rafts. The Camel's Neck, or the far-famed "Shoothur Gurdun," presented an appearance, as we approached it, so grand and impressive, that it will never be effaced from my memory. We had dropped down the river for half an hour, under heavy clouds; precipitous rocks rose some thousand feet high on either side; and the stream was deep and glassy. At length we saw, at the termination of a long vista which lay before us, the water boiling, or rather heaving itself up. Before we reached this point the rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed, and tremendous claps of thunder reverberated from cliff to cliff. In the midst of this storm we passed down the rapids, the water dashing wildly upon us, and the wind roaring and hissing through the

gether was sublime, almost terrific. On the banks of the
washing the sand for gold in the usual manner, the ope-
in wooden trays. I heard from them that in the Oxus and
to spread out and fix bushy sheep-skins in the bed of the
it passed over them, leaves the pure particles of gold, free

from extraneous substances; the skins are then dried in the sun, and the precious metal collected from them. If I remember rightly, a similar plan was adopted by some of the nations of antiquity.

The reception given me at Peshawur by my old friends, Generals Allard, Avitabile, and Court, was kind in the extreme, and their agreeable society made up in some degree for the absence of my fellow-travellers, Dr. Lord and Lieutenant Wood. Both those gentlemen, however, joined me on the 16th of May, having reached Cabool four days after I had left it; and having, like myself, descended the river. Our meeting was one of unmixed satisfaction. Prior to my departure from Cabool I transmitted instructions to Lieutenant Leech to leave Candahar and proceed by Kelat-i-Nusseer, and one of the great passes through the hills, to Shikarpoor. He performed the journey in safety, and I joined him at that place in the October following.

Towards the end of May an express arrived from government, directing me to repair with all convenient speed to the court of Lahore, to consult with Mr. (now Sir William) Macnaghten, who was then on a mission there, on the critical state of our affairs westward of the Indus. We lost no time in obeying the summons; reached Attock by water on the same day that we left Peshawur (the 31st), and joined the party at Lahore on the 17th of June, having performed the journey chiefly during the nights. I hastened to pay my respects to the Maharaja; and found him changed in all things but his kindness. Runjeet Sing was now tottering on the brink of the grave. It is unnecessary for me to give any details of the mission then at his court, as the Honourable Captain Osborne has already laid an able account of it before the public.

A short month's stay at Lahore served to accomplish the ends which government had then in view. The ulterior measures could only be matured at Simla, whither I proceeded by invitation, to wait on Lord Auckland, to whom I paid my respects on the 20th of July, accompanied only by Dr. Lord, Lieutenant Wood having again returned to the Indus. And thus terminated my mission to Cabool.

THE END.

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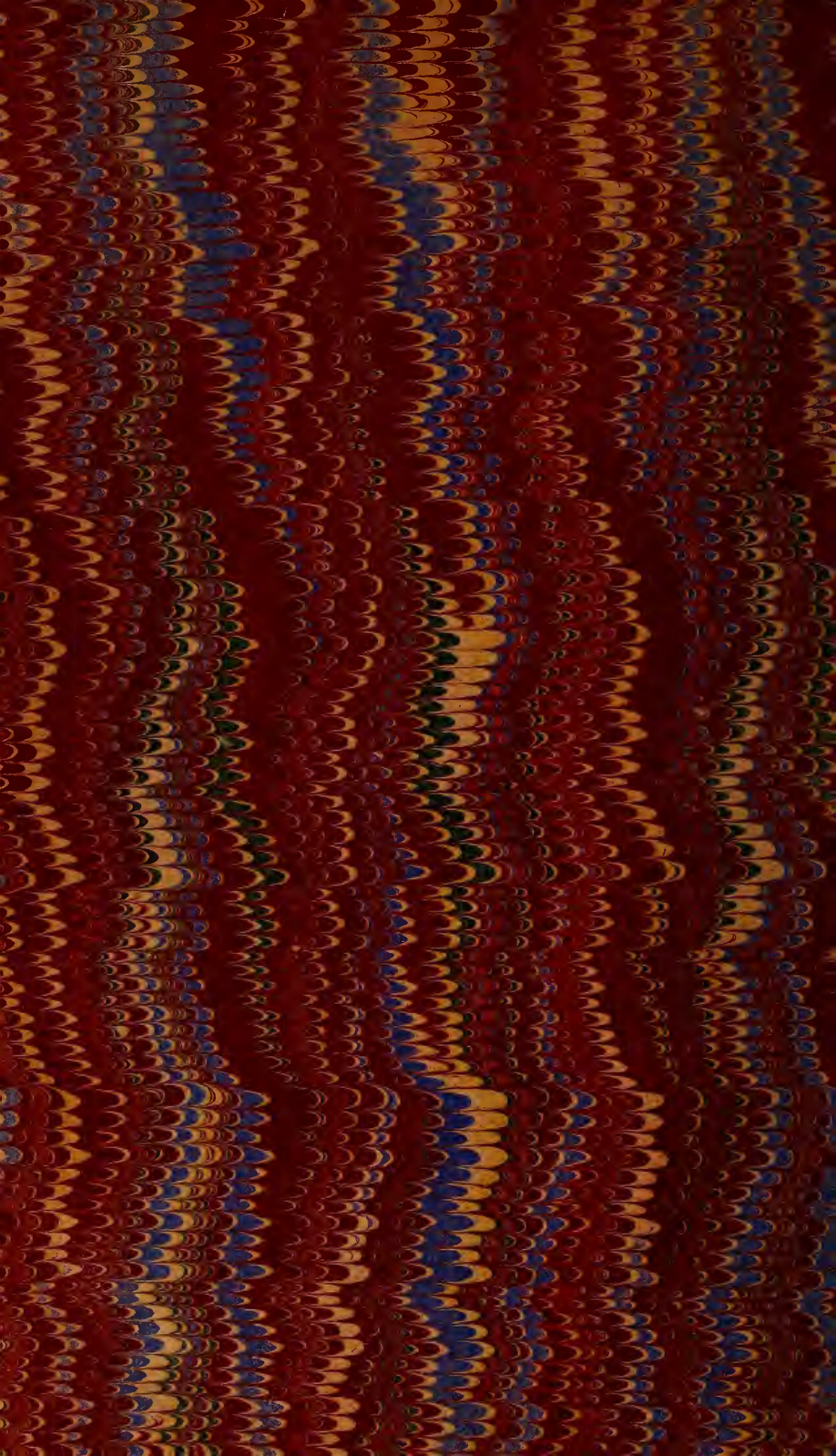

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